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A Note on Sentiment. John Galsworthy

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[No. 1

EARLY SPRING

The sky was gray with winter's tone,
The country carts sought their old space
Like beggars standing dumb and lone
About the windy market-place.

In twos and threes the women stood
About a pot of burning chips;
Men slapped their arms to warm their blood
Or blew upon their finger-tips.

I hurried by—(the noonday air
Was sharp and cold upon my face)—
Until I reached a small shop where
Spring flowers lit up a window-space.

Outside upon the rain-worn stands
Were pink buds on a tough brown stem—
Arbutus—and I felt my hands
Turning dead leaves in search of them.

JOHN MORELAND,

Norfolk, Virginia.

A NOTE ON SENTIMENT*

Sentiment (so far as literature is concerned) may be defined, I suppose, as the just verbal expression of genuine feeling; it becomes sentimentalism when the feeling is not genuine, or when the expression strikes the reader as laid on with too thick a pen. I find a good instance of the difference in a certain novel of my own, written at a time of stress, and re-read for the first time in calm days six years later. I found it sentimental, and started to revise it. By cutting out thirty thousand words, or just one quarter of the book, without omitting or altering any of the incidents, or eliminating any of the characters, simply by chopping words out of almost every sentence and thereby removing the over-expression, I reduced the sentimentalism to sentiment, so far as I could judge.

In any definition of sentiment or sentimentalism, reader, in fact, as well as writer, is involved. That there is nothing absolute in the matter will be admitted even by holders of literary opinions canonized in coterie—nothing more absolute than in canonized opinion itself. Time plays skittles with the definitions of sentiment as freely as with the views of the criticaster. Not a Victorian novelist, English or American, save perhaps Marryat and Mark Twain, would escape being pilloried as sentimental by the sniffers of to-day. The cynic of 1870 is the sentimentalist of 1920. The sentimentalist of 1920 may become the cynic of 1970. Comparing Fielding and Defoe, Smollett and Sterne with the Victorians, we see that the definition of sentiment follows the normal laws of reaction, or, perhaps more exactly, yields to the changes of education and environment. Young men or women of to-day, for example, with all their deep feelings—their passions and sufferings to come—and practised in the jibing prevalent where art is discussed but seldom achieved, will find almost any verbal expression of feeling 'sentimental', while a farmer's wife, who would never in voice or vocabulary do ten per cent. of justice

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to any emotion she might feel, will be approvingly stirred by a treacley situation in play or film, and shed tears over extravagantly false pathos in the books she reads. Nor can it be assumed that the more highly educated a person, the thinner the pen he demands of the writer who is expressing feeling. A Gilbert Murray may sometimes be moved by what a sucking poet would call 'sentimental tosh!' In fact, there are all sorts of complications. There are readers, for instance, who hold that literature should not stir emotion in any way connected with life, but only rouse a kind of gloating sensation in the brain, and such readers—the equivalent of the old 'æsthètes'—are fond of giving tongue. There is the Andrew Lang type of critic, with whom certain sorts of emotional expression, however thickly traced, escape the charge 'sentimental' because connected with 'the sportsman and the gentleman', but to whom certain other kinds are 'sloppy stuff', because not so well connected. There is the complication of the label. Label an author sentimental, and whatever he writes is sentimental, whether it really is or not. And finally, every writer who expresses feeling at all has his own particular unconscious point of over-expression. Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, even Bernard Shaw—not as a rule laid under this charge—can be sentimental in their own particular ways. The whole subject is intricate; nor is it helpful that what is sentimental to an Englishman is not sentimental to a Frenchman, and so forth.

Still, it may be laid down with some certainty that a writer must give adequate expression to his genuine feeling, or he will not be worth reading. Adequate! The whole matter lies in that word. Let me cite four random examples of what I, at least, consider adequate verbal expression of true feeling: The poem called *The Bull*, by Ralph Hodgson; the few pages describing the death of Bazarov in Turgenev's *Fathers and Children*; a story called *Life of Ma Parker*, in Katherine Mansfield's volume, *Bliss*; Thomas Hardy's little poem called *Afterwards*, from the collection *Moments of Vision*. Adopting this test of *adequacy* the word sentimental, then, should only be applied where expression runs ahead of the writer's real feeling—in other words, in

cases of insincerity, conscious or unconscious. The unconscious cases are, of course, the most common. Who does not know the auto-intoxications and hypnotizations by feeling, indulgence in which one's steadier sense afterwards repugns? But there is danger in too great readiness to pour cold water on the intoxications, whether of self or others. Juice and generosity in verbal expression are possibly more healthy than the under-expression of those afraid to give themselves away. There is a certain meanness in a dry and trained attitude of superiority to emotion, and in that slug-like temperament which prides itself on cold-bloodedness. English training is especially self-conscious. At root, perhaps a matter of climate; but in later stages, due to our public schools and universities, which strangely influence at second-hand classes not in direct touch with them. The guiding principle of English life and education is a stoicism discouraging all exhibition of emotion, and involving a high degree of self-control. For practical ends it has great value; for the expression and appreciation of art or literature, extremely little. It warps the critical point of view, removing it from an emotional to an ethical and practical basis. To indulge in emotional expression is bad for manners, for progress, trade, and will-power; and, freely using the word sentimental, we stamp on the habit. But—art of any kind is based on emotion, and can only be duly apprehended through the emotional faculties. Letting these atrophy and adopting the posture of 'sniff', we become deaf and dumb to art's true appeal. To 'slop over' is the greatest offence an Englishman can commit. We hold it in such horror that our intelligentsia often loses the power to judge what is or is not the adequate expression of feeling. But here again we have extraordinary contradictions. For alongside a considerable posture of 'sniff' we have a multitude who wallow in the crudest sentimentalism, an audience for whom it is impossible to lay it on too thick.

Shifting to consideration of sentiment in practical affairs, we shall find a state of things just as muddled. In the Law Courts, for instance, a judge, out of a sentimental regard for marriage, will rebuke counsel for using the expression 'this poor woman'

of one who, having run away with her husband's brother, tries to atone by committing suicide. 'She is a married woman', he says, and to pity her is sentimental. Or an advocate who will appeal in the most sentimental terms to the patriotism of a jury, will stigmatize as sentimental appeals to feeling in cases of vivisection, wife-beating or other cruelties. Editors, statesmen, preachers, glaringly sentimental in expressing feelings which they think will tell on their audiences, in the same leading articles, speeches, or sermons will condemn the mawkish sentimentality of, say, conscientious objectors, with whose feelings it does not suit their case to agree. The rule in practical life seems to be that your own feeling is sound, and that of your adversary sentimental. The public man sentimentally attached to the idea of Empire or the idea of Progress proclaims the sentimentality of the little Englander or back-to-the-landsman, and honestly supposes himself as much without reproach of sentiment as he is without fear of serious retaliation, since he has behind him a vast bulk of similar sentimentalism. In fact, in life at large, you may be sentimental without being called so only when you are on the side of the majority. One does not perhaps exaggerate in saying that we are all sentimentalists; and the difference between us is that most of us safely over-express popular sentiments, and a few of us riskily over-express sentiments which are not popular. Only the latter earn the title: 'Sentimentalists'. Suppose a man to believe after sincere reflection that modern civilization—with its riot of machinery, scientific experiment, exploitation of the air, and all the concomitant and ever-increasing desires and wants thereby roused in the human animal—has gone for the moment beyond the point of balance, beyond the rule: '*mens sana in corpore sano*'; suppose he seriously considers that under this ever-multiplying taxation on nerve energy and time, under hypnotization by a blind Progress, men are steadily losing hold on Beauty, Health, and Goodness; that, in fact, his discoveries are being too much for his very moderate digestion, and that he ought for a time to call a halt—just as an individual who is living too fast must take a rest-cure or fall into his trombone—suppose, I say, that a man sincerely believes all this, will he escape being called a

sentimentalist? Certainly not, for he is running counter to a sentimentalism much more popular than his own, a sentimentalism which believes in Progress (with a definition of what Progress is, left out), talks of the indomitable human spirit, '*per ardua ad astra*', and damns the consequences. If he says: 'More simplicity, fewer wants, home-grown food, not so much rushing about, more true beauty, more time to enjoy it, better instruction in how to enjoy it'—in other words, a normal temperature instead of 102; he is a poor thing in the eyes of those who outnumber him a hundred to one. He may be wrong, but he is no more sentimental than they are. And the moral of this and many another possible illustration is: 'Before I call a man a sentimentalist, let me look well at myself, at my own feelings and beliefs. I live in a very glass house; I must be careful how I throw stones!'

Sentimentalism, then, whether in life or in literature, is simply a riding before the hounds. Of this we are all guilty at times. But as often as not the charge 'sentimentalist' is a mere partisan term of abuse, unfounded in fact; for it is not sentimental to have strong feelings (however eccentric) and to give them adequate, that is to say strong and sincere, expression.

But putting sentimentalism—over-expression—aside, how far is it good that we should be men and women of sentiment—moved, that is, by feeling rather than by calculation, by the heart rather than by the head? Again comes in the question of balance. Amongst people like the English—although a most baffling and contradictory race—one would say that, on the whole, the head predominates. What has been called Anglo-Saxon phlegm or English common-sense, rules the roost. For the stability of national life that is probably a blessing. If our judges, our statesmen, our juries, were men of feeling it might not work to our advantage, however much their hard-headedness may annoy us at times. But the mere fact that one may always rely in England on a majority of the common-sensical, makes the man or woman of sentiment necessary and valuable among us. And one thing is clear: no amount of trying to be men of feeling can make us into them; we are, or we are not.

The ideal, no doubt, is to have heart and head about equally developed—but the ideal is rare, as a search for instances will soon reveal.

Of the American case one hesitates to hazard opinion. Although outstanding instances of the golden mean, such as Lincoln and Lee, are perhaps easier to come by than with us, America would seem to be a naturally excessive country. To an outsider it appears to abound in sentimentalism, to have a formula of over-expression just as we have a formula of under-expression. But, as we have seen, sentimentalism is not sentiment. A man may be sentimental and yet be hard as nails; and America certainly excels in a special brand of hard-headedness. Probably America is in more danger from hardhead than from softheart.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

London, England.

THE HUMANIST AS MAN OF LETTERS:

JOHN LYLY*

We all remember Lyly very much as Mr. Brooke remembered human perfectibility or Adam Smith. We "went in for that at one time", and from some college Survey of English Literature we have preserved a dim reminiscence of the Euphuist and the dramatist—the writer of an impossible style soon displaced in vogue by that other impossible style of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the writer of plays soon eclipsed by the plays of Shakespeare. But we are not permitted to remain in this peaceful vagueness of mind. From time to time our ears are assailed by wars and the rumors of wars. We hear that Lyly reformed English prose, and anticipated Dryden; that he was Shakespeare's schoolmaster in dramatic and in lyric art; that he took *Euphues*, both style and matter, from a work of Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Guadix; that he silenced the Puritan pamphleteer "Martin Marprelate"; and then we hear that he did none of these things. One scholar asserts that *Euphues* is autobio-

* Baker, George P.: *Endymion: The Man in the Moon*. Edited, with notes and a biographical introduction, by George P. Baker. (*English Readings for Students*.) New York: Holt, 1894.

Bond, R. Warwick: *The Complete Works of John Lyly*. Edited by R. Warwick Bond. Three Vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1902.—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Edited (with Introduction) by R. Warwick Bond. (*The Arden Shakespeare*.) London: Methuen, 1906.

Child, Clarence Griffin: *John Lyly and Euphuism*. (In *Münchener Beiträge zur romanischen und englischen Philologie*, Heft VII.) Erlangen and Leipzig: Deichert, 1894.

Croll, M. W., and Clemons, H.: *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit.—Euphues and his England*. . . Edited by Morris William Croll . . . and Harry Clemons. . . London: Routledge. . . 1916.

Feuillerat, Albert: *John Lyly. Contribution à l'Histoire de la Renaissance en Angleterre*. Cambridge: University Press. New York: Putnam, 1910.

Greg, Walter Wilson: *The Authorship of the Songs in Lyly's Plays*. (In *The Modern Language Review*, Vol. I, pp. 43-52.) Cambridge: University Press, 1906.

graphical; another believes it to be a 'novelized' play; a third offers a new explanation of the court allegory in Lyly's comedy *Endimion*; a fourth denies that *Endimion* contains any court allegory whatever. The fact is that to the student of English literature Lyly presents a series of problems quite as interesting and important as they are complex. For when all is said he proves to be not only in the first rank among the minor Elizabethans, but also a notable power in moulding the giants. The layman, therefore, has a right to expect now and then a report from Parnassus, telling him how matters go on the Muses' hill, gauging the present "state of the art", estimating how far the Lylian problems have advanced towards solution, and rising above their complexity to suggest rather their importance and their interest.

For such a report an occasion was furnished by Mr. Bond's critical edition. His notes and essays summed up the results of much previous scholarship, and made many valuable additions, chiefly by way of elucidating Lyly's text. But it was his establishment of the text itself that laid a solid foundation for subsequent scholarship—a foundation upon which scholarship has not been slow to build. The *compte rendu* duly followed,

Landmann, Friedrich: *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*. Edited, with Introduction and notes, by Dr. Friedrich Landmann. Heilbronn, 1887.

Long, Percy W.: *The Purport of Lyly's "Endimion"*. (In *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, New Series, Vol. XVII, pp. 164-184.) Cambridge (Massachusetts): The Association, 1909.

Long, Percy W.: *Lyly's "Endimion": An Addendum*. (In *Modern Philology*, Vol. VIII, pp. 509-605.) Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, April, 1911.—*From "Troilus" to "Euphues."* In Kittredge Anniversary Studies. Boston, 1913.

Wilson, John Dover: *John Lyly*. Cambridge: Macmillan and Bowes, 1905.—*Euphues and the Prodigal Son*. (In *The Library*, New Series, Vol. X, pp. 337-361.) London: Moring, October, 1909.—*The Marprelate Controversy*. (In *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. III, pp. 425-452.) Cambridge: University Press, 1909.

Wolff, Samuel Lee: *A Source of "Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit"*. (In *Modern Philology*, Vol. VII, pp. 577-685.) Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, April, 1910.—*The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction*. New York: The Columbia University Press, 1912.

in the shape of Mr. J. D. Wilson's brilliant essay, winner of the Harness Prize at Cambridge in 1904; and if the present article sometimes echoes Mr. Wilson, it is because, though more recent scholarship (to which he has himself contributed in no mean degree) has made it necessary to modify some of his conclusions, yet his main assertions are still the mere truth.

Then came what at first sight looked like a synthesis of the *omne scibile* about Lyly—M. Feuillerat's imposing volume, which is certainly, like Mr. Bond's edition, a point of departure for Lylian scholarship. It is M. Feuillerat's theses which the present essay proposes chiefly to examine.

Feuillerat's *Lyly* is a worthy addition to the series of thorough studies made in recent years by French Anglists like MM. Huchon, Reyher, Charlanne, Verrier, and—to mention the most distinguished last—M. Legouis, who suggested M. Feuillerat's study and to whom it is dedicated. It is based upon a well-nigh exhaustive reading of the materials, and a conscientious documentation of every statement of fact. The author, too, has qualified himself eminently to treat the Elizabethan court-drama by his earlier work in editing the records of the Revels Office, and to treat Elizabethan fiction, criticism, and lyric verse, by his work upon an edition of Sidney.¹ His training, his industry, are above cavil.

Not so his judgment, his sense of proportion, his logical method. For, in making his own most acceptable additions to the body of facts upon which the criticism of Lyly must rest, M. Feuillerat has sometimes lost the judicial attitude toward these facts in their totality. His own contributions would seem to have bulked so large as to obscure other considerations that might tend to oppose them or to scale down their importance. Thus his work loses its title to be regarded as a judicial synthesis of what is now known about Lyly; and thus, too, it becomes, in a second and less favorable sense, a point from which future scholarship will not seldom be compelled to depart.

¹Cambridge: At the University Press. Vol. I, 1921; Vol. II, 1922; Vol. III to appear.

I

By means of a manuscript genealogy and other evidence hitherto unnoticed, M. Feuillerat has shown that John Lyly's grandfather was William Lyly, the celebrated grammarian, godson of Linacre, friend of Erasmus, Colet, and More. The family, thus founded in humanism, moves from the humanist scholar William Lyly to the humanist man of letters John Lyly, and shortly after disappears. It has its being in the humanistic tradition.

John Lyly was born about 1554 in Kent, probably in Canterbury, where his father Peter afterward became Archbishop Parker's Registrar, and where the family certainly lived in the years following 1562. Reared in the shadow of the Cathedral, the boy in 1569 went up to Magdalen College, Oxford, as his grandfather and uncle had gone before him. Oxford, no longer the home of the new learning, had relapsed into scholasticism; the studies were arid, the teachers lax, the students lax without, perhaps, being too arid. Lyly neglected his studies, was rather a local wit and trifle—"the fiddle-stick of Oxford", yet took his B.A. in 1573 and his M.A. in 1575, and, perhaps in the same year, went down to London to seek his fortune. This was apparently favored by family interest at court; Lord Burleigh, as a friend of the Archbishop, would seem to have patronized the Registrar's son before 1574; and though in that year the great Cecil declined to recommend his protégé to a fellowship at Magdalen, Lyly may still have entertained hopes of advancement when client and patron should be at close range. At this point he drops out of sight for three years. M. Feuillerat's research has found no document showing where Lyly was from 1575 to 1578, when he was writing *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wyt*, the first part of his most famous work. And when this appeared at Christmas of 1578, it was dedicated not to Lord Burleigh, but to Lord Delaware.

M. Feuillerat presents two pieces of evidence—neither of them, in our opinion, possessed of the slightest probative force—that Lyly was under Burleigh's supposedly Puritanic influence at the time he was producing the first part of *Euphues*. One is Lyly's

having resided for a time, probably before the end of 1578, at the Hospice of the Savoy, over which Burleigh exercised a certain supervision and control, and which was (and is still, *mutatis nominibus*) but a step from Burleigh's residence, Cecil House in the Strand. The other is the fact that Lyly having entered the service of Lord Oxford, Burleigh's scapegrace son-in-law, and having dedicated to Oxford *Euphues and his England* (the second part of *Euphues*, published in 1580), addressed to Burleigh, probably in July, 1582, an undated letter, still extant, requesting his intercession to clear Lyly of certain imputations under which he was suffering in the mind of Oxford. Certainly neither Lyly's residence in the Savoy nor this long subsequent letter proves that he was at any time under the influence of Burleigh's Puritanism. Now upon the assumption that Lyly was decisively affected by the puritanizing circle at Cecil House just when he was writing *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wyt*, M. Feuillerat has rested his interpretation of this first part of *Euphues* as a Puritan tract with a thin thread of story added by way of "horrible example". This notion must be dismissed in order to clear the way for a true appreciation of *Euphues*.

II

A Puritanical element, drawn from English Protestant humanism, *Euphues* undoubtedly contains. The fact is advertised by Lyly's borrowing the name Euphues from Ascham's account of the "well-natured" youth. The error lies in over-emphasizing the importance of this ingredient at the expense of the other ingredients of Lyly's work. For *Euphues* is a fabric woven of many strands, not one or two, and draws its life from many traditions. It contains a long treatise on Education, borrowed from Plutarch by way of Guarino, Elyot, and Erasmus. It contains a long dialogue wherein Euphues convinces an atheist of his error by means of arguments taken mostly from the Bible. It contains a long misogynistic warning against women's wiles and falling in love, the so-called *Cooling Card for all Fond Lovers*, which, as M. Feuillerat is the first to observe, is taken from Ovid's *De Remedio Amoris*. It contains letters on such antique and Renaissance commonplaces as consolation to an exile

(Plutarch again), and the corruption and misery of Courts, the subject of many tracts in the late Middle Ages and early Renaissance, before the Courtier had fully superseded the Knight. Some part of the arrangement, and some inappropriate details, of Lyly's mass of didactic and moralizing material probably came from Guevara's wholly didactic and moralizing *Libro del Emperador Marco Aurelio*, or rather from its translation *The Diall of Princes* (1557), by Thomas North, the translator of Plutarch's Lives. To this modest statement of indebtedness has Landmann's sweeping theory of the Spanish origin of *Euphues* been reduced.

It has been thought, too, that *Euphues* is of the family of Castiglione's *Courtier*—that large family of courtesy-books or moral court-treatises which were so widely read at the time of the Renaissance. But the difference between *The Courtier* and *Euphues* is a difference in kind. Castiglione's work is a dialogue conducted by a party of ladies and gentlemen who deliberately frame their ideal of a courtier. It is primarily intellectual; and its great beauty of style, its frequent anecdotes and stories, and the glow of its celebrated rhapsody upon Platonic love, hardly win for it a place outside the "literature of knowledge". Lyly's work, for all its didacticism, is primarily imaginative, and despite its weaknesses and tedium, still belongs to the "literature of power". Even the long conversations of its ladies and gentlemen, often turning upon *dubbi* or questions in the casuistry of love after the Italian manner (after the manner of *The Courtier* itself indeed), cannot disguise the fact that its main interest lies in a story *about* these ladies and gentlemen. The Courtier remains an ideal in the minds of his framers, who discuss him; while *Euphues* is a personage in a tale and speaks for himself. *The Courtier* is a discussion, *Euphues* a story containing discussions. The difference is decisive. And in fact, the conversations *à l'italienne* give to *Euphues* a specious air of realism, representing as they do a contemporary social custom. It was largely these that led M. Jusserand to call *Euphues* the first novel of the drawing-room.

Euphues, then, above all, contains, or rather *is*, a story. And this is not merely an exemplification of doctrine, as are the stories

in *The Courtier*; it is not merely a "horrible example" to point a sermon; it is an interesting, living, human tale of love and friendship, folly and disillusion; and although criticism has been slow to recognize the fact, in *Euphues* the tale's the thing.

Euphues, a handsome, wealthy, and witty young gentleman of Athens, in the course of his travels arrives at Naples. Finding himself able to evade the snares of the parasites that are ready to prey upon him, he rejects the well-meant admonitions of Eubulus, an old gentleman who counsels him against indulging the follies of youth, and proceeds to make friends with Philautus, a young Neapolitan, with whom he shares his pleasures. Philautus is the accepted lover of Lucilla, the beautiful daughter of one of the governors of the city, Don Ferardo. At a supper-party at her house he introduces his friend to his betrothed. The two fall in love at sight. After supper Euphues and Lucilla discourse to the company upon the question whether it is beauty or wit that more conduces to love; until his feelings overcome him and he is obliged to retire. Left alone, Lucilla in a long monologue confesses to herself her love for Euphues, and resolves to have him despite the probable opposition of her father. Euphues in his chamber also soliloquizes at great length, weighing his love against his friendship, and resolves that his love must prevail. Philautus now seeks him out at his lodging, and, finding him sick, asks his confidence and proffers his own good offices. Euphues deceives his friend by feigning that he is love-sick for Livia, one of Lucilla's companions. Having thus disarmed suspicion, he the more readily finds an opportunity to woo Lucilla, who after some hesitation admits that she returns his love. Shortly afterward, when her father urges her to marry Philautus, she declares in Philautus's presence that she prefers Euphues. A breach between the friends is the result. As Ferardo opposes the new match, Euphues must for a time avoid Lucilla. During his absence she falls in love with one Curio, and definitely jilts Euphues when he next appears. Her fickleness forms the basis of a renewal of friendship between Euphues and Philautus. Euphues, now a confirmed misogynist, retires to Athens to resume his studies. Lucilla's marriage to Curio so grieves Ferardo that he dies; and although she is left heir to

his wealth, she comes—as we learn later from one of the letters of Euphues—to a miserable end in the streets of Naples. From another letter we gather a hint that Philautus is now courting Livia. So closes *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wyt*.

M. Feuillerat is convinced that the story of Euphues is autobiographical. To this theory some color is perhaps lent by certain words in Lyly's Epistle Dedicatory of *Euphues and his England*: "The first picture that Phidias, the first painter, shadowed was the portrait of his own person. . . . In the like manner fareth it with me, Right Honourable, who, never before handling the pencil, did for my first counterfeit colour mine own Euphues." These words, however, even if they mean that Euphues is Lyly—a meaning itself doubtful—need convey no more than that Lyly also passed through folly and disillusion to repentance and wisdom. They do not necessarily identify the specific incidents of the story with those of Lyly's life. For, as M. Feuillerat himself wisely inquires: "où commence et où finit l'autobiographie?" But M. Feuillerat goes further, and on the strength of a passage in Simon Forman's autobiography asserts that the love-story of Euphues, Philautus, and Lucilla actually occurred during Lyly's Oxford days. The relevant portion of the passage is as follows:—

"Doctor Lawrence of Cowley . . . had two fair daughters, Besse and Martha. Sir Thornbery [a friend of Forman] he wooed Besse; and Sir Pinckney [another friend of Forman, and of Thornbery] he wooed Martha, and in the end he married her; but Thornbery he deceived Besse, as the mayor's daughter of Brackley, of which Euphues writes, deceived him."

Hereupon M. Feuillerat declares: "la coquette Lucilla était fille du maire de Brackley; sa victime, Philautus, était un condisciple de Lyly, John Thornborough"; and Euphues of course was Lyly. Admitting what seems far from certain, that Forman was recording facts within his knowledge, one is still astonished at the confusion of thought at the bottom of M. Feuillerat's theory. The last sentence quoted is entirely ambiguous. Who is the "him" that the Mayor's daughter deceived? Is it Thornborough, or is it "Euphues"? If Thornborough, as M. Feuille-

rat asserts positively, we have this story: two friends, Pinckney and Thornborough (note that Lyly is not one of the two), court two sisters; one marries one of the sisters, and the other jilts the other sister, after or before being jilted himself by a third girl. Where is the resemblance between this and the story of *Euphues*—the story of two friends, one of whom gains the affection of *the other's betrothed* and is then jilted *by her*? If there is any resemblance, it is to Euphues's pretended courtship of *Livia* (Besse Lawrence), whom he never meant to marry, and his subsequent rejection by Lucilla (the Mayor's daughter). But in that case, Euphues is *Thornborough*, for in Forman's story it is Thornborough, and not Lyly, who is the deceiver deceived. Which is contrary to the hypothesis that Euphues is Lyly! On the other hand, if "him" is "Euphues"—an alternative which M. Feuillerat seems not to have considered—then all we have is this: Thornborough deceived Bess Lawrence; the Mayor's daughter deceived Euphues, who writes about her; then the deceiver is one man, and the deceived is another. But this disconnects "Euphues" altogether from Thornborough's wooing; Thornborough (Philautus) then is not a personage in "Euphues's" story! And so, if "Euphues" is Lyly—and it was he that the Mayor's daughter deceived—the net result is only that the "fiddle-stick of Oxford" was jilted by the Mayor's daughter of Brackley: a story which, though not improbable in itself, is far too meagre, and far too much a commonplace with any "fiddle-stick" whatever, to serve as the source we are seeking. Thus, whether "him" is Euphues or Thornborough, Forman's dish of gossip is simply not the plot of *Euphues*. The autobiographical theory must be dismissed, like the theory of the Puritan tract. Both exemplify M. Feuillerat's tendency to overestimate the evidential force of his own contributions to the body of extraneous fact about Lyly.

One who saw in Lyly the essential humanist, would have required stronger evidence that Lyly had attempted a transcript of actual events, and would have looked for his sources not in life but in literature. The plot of *Euphues*, like its didactic matter, is traceable to books. It represents the convergence of at least two literary traditions, each of venerable age, each most interestingly

modified by Lyly. The first of these is the Parable of the Prodigal Son, appearing in its Renaissance dress as the play *Acolastus*, or one of the plays of which *Acolastus* was the parent. The second is the Legend of Two Friends, appearing in its Renaissance dress as Boccaccio's tale of Tito and Gisippo (*Decam.* X, 8).

Willem de Volder (Fullonius, Gnaphæus) a schoolmaster of the Hague, produced, in *Acolastus*, published 1529, "the best and by far the most important, though not actually the earliest, of a series of scholastic dramas which . . . made their influence felt . . . all over Europe". Volder gave to the prodigal's father, whom he named Pelargus, a counsellor, Eubulus, who personified, in the manner of the Morality, Pelargus's own wisdom. Similarly, he gave to the prodigal, whom he named Acolastus, a confidant, Philautus, to personify the self-love which led the prodigal into temptation. In later plays of the *Acolastus* type, Eubulus, who at first only conferred with Pelargus, is himself the father of the prodigal, to whom he gives the good counsel that the latter rejects. Philautus now becomes the prodigal's companion in his pleasures, introduces him to Lais, is in fact one of a brace of prodigals. These pleasures are a chief ingredient of *Acolastus*; for in the words "wasted his substance with riotous living", Volder found the basis for numerous scenes introducing the slaves, parasites, and courtesans of Terentian comedy.

In *Euphues*, the prodigality of the prodigal has been both narrowed and purified. There is only the barest mention of would-be parasites; the feasting and dicing are reduced to a supper and a game of cards at Lucilla's house; while the Lais of the *Acolastus* plays is represented by Lucilla. Euphues's introduction to Lucilla by the traditional Philautus, together with her abnormal fickleness and her disgraceful end, leave no doubt of her descent from Lais; nevertheless Lucilla is upon a very different social level; and Euphues's love for her has become "the love of a gentleman for a lady. . . . This shifting of scene from the tavern to the drawing-room was a very important one in the history of our literature. . . . In making love the central theme of his book, in raising the action of the whole from a physical to an intellectual plane, in converting the repent-

ance of the prodigal into the misanthropy of a philosopher, Lily struck out three paths of great importance."²

The Prodigal Son tradition thus accounts in a very satisfactory manner for Euphues's general evolution from wit and folly to misanthropy; for the purely adventitious personage of Eubulus—once organic, now evidently a mere functionless survival; and, largely, for the rôles of Philautus and Lucilla. Largely, but not wholly. For instance, there is nothing in the *Acolastus* tradition, I believe, that makes Philautus the lover or the betrothed of Lucilla, or that suggests his being "cut out" by Euphues. These important threads in the story of *Euphues* seem to be drawn from the other strand of tradition.

In Boccaccio's *novella*, already referred to, a young stranger, Tito, sojourning in Athens, becomes the friend of a young citizen, Gisippo; is by him introduced to his betrothed, Sofronia, a maiden of noble birth; falls in love with her immediately and retires to his chamber; soliloquizes, determining that his love must prevail over his friendship; falls sick of love; is visited by his friend; receives his friend's request for confidence and offer of service; and, at first, deceives his friend. Here the two plots part company; for Boccaccio's is a tale of true friendship, Tito at length confessing to Gisippo his love for Sofronia, and Gisippo yielding her to him, while Lyly's is a tale of friendship betrayed and faithless love. But, as far as it goes, the parallel is exact. The derivation from Boccaccio is rendered *a priori* plausible by the accessibility and the great celebrity of Boccaccio's tale, and by the fact that Lyly in *Euphues* twice names Tito and Gisippo, once with "Sempronia". It is corroborated by a number of verbal parallels.³

Two points more may be noted. Lyly gets from Boccaccio not only narrative matter, but narrative art as well; for he evolves and articulates his derived material almost precisely as Boccaccio does. In each we find the meeting of the friends; the visit to the betrothed; the retirement of the new lover to his

²The last two paragraphs are quoted or paraphrased from Mr. Wilson's *Euphues and the Prodigal Son*.

³Abridged from my *A Source of Euphues: The Anatomy of Wyt*.

chamber; in each, his soliloquy weighing his love against his friendship and issuing in the same resolution; in each, the visit of his friend; in each, his attempted deception of his friend. And this last leads further: the subsequent evolution of *Euphues*, the part where it differs from *Tito and Gisippo* may perfectly well have been suggested by *Tito and Gisippo*. Simply let Euphues succeed in that which Tito attempted, let him *actually* deceive his friend and take Lucilla from him: thenceforth the tale will consist of a series of retributions growing out of this initial offence. Euphues's treachery will be punished by Lucilla's desertion of him; and this, now quite in character with her descent from Lais, will be punished by her ending as Lais indeed; so that there will be left as possible lovers only Philautus and that shadowy Livia whom Lyly had invented as a stale for the deception practised by Euphues upon his friend.

Boccaccio's story belongs to one branch of the mediæval Legend of Two Friends. Obscurely related to the antique stories of friendship and to *Amis and Amile*, it is plainly connected with the Old French poem *Athis et Prophilias*, which probably derives from a late Greek romance. And the remarkable point is that the same articulation which Lyly got from Boccaccio, Boccaccio got from *Athis et Prophilias*, where we likewise find the two friends from different cities, their meeting, the introduction of the stranger to the citizen's betrothed, his falling in love, his soliloquy, the citizen's visit to him at his chamber, etc. So that Lyly followed what may almost be called a convention, and a very ancient convention,⁴ to which at the last moment, he gave a new turn.

The two strands thus woven by Lyly into the plot of *Euphues* now part once more; and each has its own continuation into the future. That from Boccaccio runs on into *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,⁵ where it exhibits, quite as usual, the two friends, the arrival of one at a city where the other is settled, the introduction of the one by the other to the latter's betrothed, the falling in love at sight, the soliloquy weighing love against friendship and

⁴This matter is more fully handled in my *The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction*, pp. 248-261.

⁵As Mr. Bond observes in the Introduction to his edition of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

deciding in favor of love, and the innovation, introduced by Lyly, of the one friend's playing the other false. The other strand—that from the Prodigal Son—almost vanishes in Lyly's innovation, which has developed the prodigal into the wit, the lover, and the misanthrope, for now the Elizabethan "malcontent", as exemplified in Hamlet, in Jaques, in Marston's Malcontent, and elsewhere, exhibits very distinct characteristics of Euphues.

"In the hands of genius Euphues became Hamlet, while his bitterness and disillusionment strike for perhaps the first time in modern literature that note of *Weltschmerz* which was to form so large an element of the romantic spirit. . . . Euphues, in short, is the Byronic hero of the sixteenth century."⁶

III

Euphues and his England, the second part of *Euphues*, is virtually an independent work, and, like most sequels, rather a disappointment. What it gains in imaginative freedom—for the didactic element in it is greatly reduced—it loses in unity. It is not one story, but three, loosely strung together by continuing the name of Euphues and Philautus. On their ship bound for England Euphues relates to Philautus the first of the three stories:—

Callimachus, a young traveller and spendthrift, was warned in vain by his dying father, the rich Cassander, and by his father's brother, a hermit of the same name. He sowed his wild oats, learned by experience to deal wisely with his inheritance, and at length received it from his uncle, with whom his father had left it in trust.⁷

The two friends land at Dover, see the sights there and at Canterbury, and are entertained by a retired courtier, Fidus, an "old man as busie as a Bee among his Bees." Fidus tells them the story of his love for Iffida, a love unrequited because of her love for Thirsus; after whose death in battle with the Turks she also died, and left Fidus to an old age of serene grief.

⁶ Wilson, *ubi supra*.

⁷ Apparently this is a variant upon the Prodigal Son theme, with embellishments from sources as yet untraced.

Euphues and Philautus now reach London, where ensues the third and chief story of the book. Philautus falls in love with Camilla, a lady of great beauty though not of high birth, and courts her without success; for she is being sought by the noble Surius, who at length, as we learn from a letter of Philautus to Euphues, wins and marries her. In the same letter Philautus tells how he himself, turning resolutely from his hopeless love, has married the Lady Frauncis, "his Violet", niece of the Lady Flavia, at whose house they met. Euphues scarcely figures in the story; he disappears during Philautus's courtship, to reappear for a moment at the Lady Flavia's before his return to Athens and his final retirement to the "Mountaine Silixsedra". Throughout the stories of Fidus and Iffida and of Philautus and Camilla are scattered the same conversation-pieces or drawing-room scenes that have been observed in the first part of *Euphues; dubbii* are discussed; Philautus in a garden hands to Camilla a love-letter enclosed in a pomegranate; she returns her answer inserted in a copy of Petrarch; the tone of polite social intercourse is maintained, perhaps more consistently than in *The Anatomy of Wyt*; and Euphues is still the same pitiless sermonizer. He now sends to Philautus instructions for the conduct of his married life (Plutarch's *Conjugalia Præcepta*), and to the ladies of Italy a pattern for their behavior—*Euphues Glasse for Europe*—an account of England, largely taken from Cæsar. In a word, except for its inferiority in structure, the second part of *Euphues* is essentially like the first. That radical change from Puritanism to Italianism, from the influence of Lord Burleigh to the influence of Lord Oxford, for which M. Feuillerat has argued, is surely difficult to perceive.

Nor is it easy to see the force of his objections to calling *Euphues* a novel, and if a novel, then the first English novel. These cannot be reproduced here, but they are completely answered by M. Feuillerat's own remark: "Mais n'admettre dans un genre que les spécimens bien caractérisés et complètement développés, c'est nier les lois de l'évolution en littérature." Even in Boccaccio's version the story has a certain breadth and body which tend to take it out of the pointed, anecdotal novella-form; and Lyly's changes all tend in the same direction. Euphues's successful

dissimulation, and the successive infidelities of Lucilla, not only heighten the reader's interest but give to the plot considerable complication and amplitude. In the character of Euphues, and perhaps in that of Lucilla, there are genuine change and development. Now amplitude in plot—a 'long story' as distinguished from a 'short story'; and, above all, development in character; these taken together are characteristic of the novel, and of no other *genre* whatsoever. *Euphues* exhibits other characteristics which favor this classification; and these are frankly stated by M. Feuillerat: the scenes of contemporary social life, the use of letters, as in Richardson, and the 'psychological' analysis of the feelings by way of soliloquy. But these, together or severally, are only accidental to the *genus* novel; so that it detracts nothing from Lyly's credit to find, as M. Feuillerat finds, some or all of them exhibited by previous writers. Pettie's *Palace of Pleasure* does in fact anticipate *Euphues* in all these respects; but nobody would assert of Pettie's tales, despite their soliloquies and letters and contemporary scenes, that they are anything but short stories, devoid of the unfolding characterization and the full-bodied plot of the novel.

More considerable are the claims⁸ of George Gascoigne's *A Discourse of the Adventures Passed by Master F. J.* (1573), entitled in a second edition (1575) *The Pleasant Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi and Leonora de Valasco*. This, however, is almost a *canzoniere*, or at least a *cante-fable*: to a situation which would elicit a sermon from Euphues, Jeronimi responds with a 'sonnet'; the function of the prose narrative, one feels, is very largely to furnish situations that will link and explain the verses; and the whole ends suddenly and most inartificially, not more because Gascoigne is weary of his creatures than because he has no more verses to work off. Again, despite its drawing-room scenes, *dubbii*, and letters, Gascoigne's prose tale, taken on its own merits, is much less a novel than a *roman d'alcôve*—and a good one: it anticipates not so much Richardson as Crébillon *films*. Finally, it is quite without character-development. On the whole, this

⁸ See Long: *From "Troilus" to "Euphues"*, 367-370. Of John Grange's *The Golden Aphroditis* (*ibid.*, 371-6) I cannot speak, not having seen it.

precursor of *Euphues* wants some of the essential *differentia* which stamp *Euphues* as a novel. A well-rounded plot, together with unfolding characterization—these, I believe, first appear in *Euphues*.

The seed fell upon barren soil. The hold of the romance and of the *novella* remained too strong. The *novella*, with its single point, rudimentary characterization, and want of background, lay so easily within the skill of ordinary writers and the appreciation of ordinary readers that it kept its vogue well into the seventeenth century; while the typical form of seventeenth-century fiction, the romance, despite its amplitude and complication of plot, and its elaborate descriptive setting, failed to develop adequate characterization. So that when the novel came, in the next century, *Euphues* was too far removed in time, and too thoroughly insulated by intervening literary forms, to serve as a model, and cannot be said to have influenced the evolution of English fiction. Its importance as a novel has been obscured by this fact, not less than by its volume of didactic and moralizing matter; so that Dr. Landmann, Mr. Bond, and M. Feuillerat have thought its plot scarcely worth noticing.

IV

Interest in the famous style of *Euphues*, 'Euphuism', has also tended to draw attention from *Euphues* as a novel. Mr. Croll dismisses in one footnote the claims of *Tito and Gisippo* to be a source of the plot, in another footnote favors M. Feuillerat's autobiographical theory, and nowhere mentions the *Acolastus* tradition, but makes his entire introduction a study of "The sources of the Euphuistic Rhetoric."

Euphuism was certainly not originated by Lyly. Dr. Landmann found it in Pettie's *Pallace of Pleasure*, full blown; Sir Sidney Lee found something like it in Lord Berners; and M. Feuillerat seems to have found it again in Fisher, Elyot, and More. That Dr. Landmann likewise saw Euphuism in Guevara is not surprising, either; for the chief 'note' of Euphuism is the ancient rhetorical device of balance; which naturally appears in almost any piece of Renaissance prose that imitates the ornate prose of post-classical Greek and Latin rhetoricians.

To these post-classical models of Euphuistic rhetoric Mr. Croll adds models distinctly mediæval, which he believes to be its more direct sources. Euphuism, according to his thesis, is not, *pace Norden*, a Renaissance revival of the figures of Gorgias, Isocrates or Cicero; it is not Ciceronian but anti-Ciceronian; it exhibits the distinctive patterns which the monastic schools of rhetoric set up for mediæval oratorical style, the style of sermons, of courtly chronicles and harangues, and of works of hortatory and contemplative moralizing and devotion. This style does not need to be revived at the Renaissance, for it is continuous, both in Latin and in Middle-English prose, from the late Middle Ages into the sixteenth century; and *Euphuës* does not so much imitate as continue it.⁹

Its characteristic is an excessive elaboration of the figures of balance (*schemata*), emphasizing the balanced words or groups, usually short coördinate groups, by means of antithesis, repetition, alliteration, assonance, and rhyme. Lyly used these devices; but he logically carried out the balance upon a still larger scale; setting not only word against word, phrase against phrase, and clause against clause, but, as Mr. Child has shown, sentence against sentence; so that he organized the whole paragraph upon a basis of symmetry. Once more we find Lyly working in a humanistic tradition to which he adds something of his own.

So of the other 'note' of Euphuism, the one which its contemporaries considered distinctive—the use of "unnatural natural philosophy" to furnish comparisons. From Aristotle, Ælian, Plutarch, Pliny, and the mediæval bestiaries, the Renaissance inherited a vast quantity of misinformation about animals, vegetables, and minerals. To this Lyly contributed many inventions,

⁹Apart from the evidence that Mr. Croll has gathered, his thesis has a strong antecedent probability. The Renaissance does not at a given moment break away from the Middle Ages, but inherits from them—how much, students of literary history are coming more and more to realize. An illustrative parallel to Euphuism is offered by the Character Writing of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England. This, which has sometimes been supposed to be a Renaissance revival due to Casaubon's edition of Theophrastus, is much more probably, like Euphuism, the continuation of a post-classical and mediæval exercise in rhetoric.

like "the Syrian mudde, which being made white chalk by the sunne, never ceaseth rolling, til it lie in the shadow", or "the stone that groweth in the river of Caria, the whiche the more it is cutte, the more it encreaseth". Furthermore, Lyly employed these supposed facts of natural history in a way that is humanistic in a very authentic sense, a way coincident with the Renaissance turn from *litterae sacrae* to *litterae humaniores*, from theology to "the humanities". The bestiaries, lapidaries, and volucraries of the Middle Ages, systematically assuming a necessary parallelism between the phenomena of nature and the scheme of salvation, used birds and beasts and stones as symbols of things divine—the rising of the Phoenix from his ashes, for example, as an argument of the resurrection. But Lyly assumes a necessary parallelism between the nature of things and the nature of *man*; so that, with him, natural phenomena, supposed or invented, became arguments not of matters divine, but of matters human, of human nature. Euphues exclaims to Lucilla, in a passage typically Euphuistic:—

"Howe might I excell thee in courtesie, whome no mortall creature can exceede in constancie? . . . I finde it now for a settled truth . . . that the Purple dye will neuer staine, that the pure Cyuet will neuer loose his sauour, that the greene Laurell will neuer change his coulour [and *ergo*, or rather *argal*], that beutie can neuer bee blotted with discourtesie."

Of the characteristics of Lyly's style, it is exceedingly doubtful whether a single one exerted any influence upon English prose. The excess of comparison, the preposterous inventions, the absurd argumentative parallelism between natural phenomena and the soul of man, fell out of vogue in Lyly's own time, even in his own later work. They were untrue and unbeautiful, and could not endure. The point is not so easily decided as to those qualities in Lyly's style which, although he and his imitators carried them to excess, are fundamental to all good writing: balance, symmetry, deliberate structure, the clean-cut matching of clauses; as against the rambling, tacking, slovenly patchwork of much Elizabethan prose. In these respects Lyly was not an originator; he only popularized, by means of the interesting story

of Euphuës, a style already developed in English by a long line of predecessors. Lyly represents thus only a stage in the general movement of English prose towards organization. After the immediate vogue of Euphuism has passed, there is not, I believe, evidence showing that later writers of organized prose, even writers of balanced prose, like Sir Thomas Browne and Dr. Johnson, were at all influenced by Lyly. As for the English paragraph, its organization moved in a direction specifically other than that adopted by him. On the whole, it may be said that Lyly organized his sentences, as did many of his predecessors; that he organized some of his paragraphs, as his predecessors did not; that after him, many writers increasingly organized both sentences and paragraphs; but that it has not been shown specifically that the style of any of them was influenced by Lyly's Euphuism. The structure of subsequent English prose was *post*, not *propter*, *hoc*, and belongs to a tradition of which Euphuism is only a passing phase.

V

It must have been soon after the publication of *Euphuës and his England* (1580) that Lyly turned from the novel to comedy. He was not, however, employed in the Revels Office; nor can we be absolutely certain that he was an Assistant-Master at St. Paul's Choir School and commanded in this way the services of the boy-actors there. As M. Feuillerat observes, the phrase "Vice-master of Poules and Foolemaster of the Theatre" derisively applied to Lyly by Gabriel Harvey, may mean that Lyly was master of that stock personage the "Vice", as enacted by Paul's Boys, *i. e.*, that he wrote the Vice's part for them or coached them in it. Other passages from Harvey seem to imply that Lyly acted some of the parts he wrote, *e. g.*, that of *Midas*. His *milieu* was favorable, at all events, to play-writing. His patron Oxford was in high repute as a writer of comedies, and entertained a troupe of boy-actors of his own. The Queen, to whom Lyly was later appointed "Esquire of the Body", was notoriously fond of plays.

Limits of space forbid the detailed discussion here of Lyly's comedies. For the rest, Messrs. Baker, Bond, Wilson, and

Feuillerat have together done the subject ample justice. We must be content, therefore, to signalize only one or two matters among the many that deserve attention, and to suggest some general considerations upon Lyly's dramatic method and achievement.

One of Lyly's supposed titles to fame must be given up at the outset. It is probable that most of the songs inserted in his plays were not written by him. Mr. W. W. Greg takes from Lyly all except the mediocre songs that were published in the Quartos during Lyly's lifetime. *Cupid and my Campaspe Played* goes by the board; and the lark supposed to be Lyly's did not teach the lark in *Cymbeline*, which was in fact the earlier riser of the two, and sang first at heaven's gate. These songs, and the others with the exceptions noted, were probably seventeenth-century interpolations. They appear in no edition published during Lyly's lifetime, and are printed as his for the first time in Blount's collection, *Six Court Comedies*, in 1632. Lyly's title of poet, if deserved at all, is deserved on other grounds.

"Car il était vraiment poète", says M. Feuillerat, "celui qui, avec un instinct infaillible, a su choisir dans les trésors de l'antiquité ceux en lesquels était pour ainsi dire concentré le maximum de grâce et de beauté." Certainly, in the selection of charming myths as the basis of most of his comedies, Lyly evinced a poet's taste. It was an Alexandrian taste, choosing in general such myths as would yield an idyll or little picture: Venus in Phao's ferry-boat; Endymion kissed by Cynthia; Pandora passing scene by scene under the influences of the planet-gods; Cupid errant among Diana's nymphs. Upon a background of such Pompeian wall-panels Lyly's comedy unfolds itself in witty dialogue, always exhibiting its personages upon the level of 'society', and hardly stirring the deeper springs of laughter that lie in human incongruities.

Lyly exhibited something like a poet's architectonic power, too, in remodeling this literary material into "Court Comedy". A courtly audience trained in allusion and innuendo; the gossip of the court about the Queen's proposed marriages, about this courtier's favor and that lady's disgrace; the prattle of pages and maids of honor; the need of caution and delicacy in the treat-

ment of contemporary events; such circumstances, acting upon a playwright of Lyly's temper, could scarcely fail to produce something highly artificial. For Lyly himself was dainty and fanciful rather than vigorous, was addicted to a very exceptional symmetry in workmanship, and, like so many half-geniuses, was allegorical and symbolic rather than directly imaginative. A French critic should find in him a remarkably 'sympathetic' subject. One is almost tempted to think of Lyly as un-English, as compounded of those very elements, of Celtic verve and Latin symmetry, which constitute the French genius. M. Feuillerat is quick to praise that "impression de sobriété et de mesure d'autant plus précieuse que ces qualités sont rares à l'époque".

Lyly's work is thus a work of self-conscious art, fanciful, idyllic, allegorical, symbolical, symmetrical. The last quality is a key to his whole accomplishment. The same love of balance which shaped the Euphuistic sentence and paragraph, and which provided Lucilla with a monologue to match the monologue of Euphues (whereas in Boccaccio it was only Tito who soliloquized), produces likewise in Lyly's plays—in the character-grouping, in the arrangement of scenes, in the arrangement of speeches within the scene—a symmetry absolute. Lyly would be lost without it; he clings closest to it in the only play (*Mother Bombie*) where he abandons myth or antique history for a plot professedly contemporary and quasi-realistic. It is his chief idealizing device.

This sense for artifice and symmetry, this allowing the mind its rights over literary material, one feels that Lyly carried too far. He never deals with life at first-hand, or takes vital human experience and shapes it into forms of wisdom and beauty. "Le monde ou se meuvent les personnages lyliens est un pays à l'air raréfié, où le cœur semble battre moins vite et moins fort." Lyly, despite his architectonic, does not exhibit the great poet's grasp of reality. Hence, often, his work is merely pretty. Hence, too, it fades into drab before the vibrant brilliancy and palpitating excess of color, it feebly surrenders to the unshaken hold upon life, of the drama that came after.

Amid much darkening of counsel about Lyly's place in the history of the drama, two things are clear. Something new came in with him; and he transmitted it to his great successors. This

was his conscious mastery of the comedian's art, the evenness and security of his workmanship, with the lightness of effect that is thereby disengaged. His immediate predecessors and early contemporaries in comedy, *Damon and Pithias*, *The Arraignment of Paris*, and *Promus and Cassandra*—not to mention the cruder *Gammer Gurton's Needle* and *Ralph Roister-Doister*—are simply in another world, the world of poulter's measure, doggerel, clownage, and opportunity wasted for want of that sure-handed technique which Lyly was the first to practice.

From the large number of lost comedies with mythological titles, mentioned in the Revels Accounts, M. Feuillerat, however, argues the existence previous to Lyly of a school of Court comedy with highly developed technique. Lyly was, therefore, he says, by no means an innovator. One may as well argue that Æschylus was not an innovator because of Phrynichus's lost *Phoenissae*. From the fact that Phrynichus wrote an historical tragedy called *Phoenissae* and Æschylus an historical tragedy called *Persae* one can make no legitimate inference whatever as to the technique of the lost play. Would anyone, for example, argue from the title *Phoenissae* that Phrynichus had already detached a second actor from the chorus, and had thus anticipated Æschylus's technique? It is no less absurd to argue that the Lylian technique in comedy was anticipated, merely because earlier plays performed at court, and now lost, had titles suggestive of mythological subject-matter. That Phrynichus wrote a *Phoenissae* and Æschylus a *Persae* has simply nothing to do with Æschylus's undoubted invention of dramatic dialogue. M. Feuillerat knows the Revels documents through and through; and any assertion of fact, or any direct inference from fact, which he chooses to make about them, is entitled to the highest respect. But we cannot follow him in this reasoning. A school of court-comedy may well have grown up before Lyly; but we can know nothing whatever about the state of its technique, for the specimens are lost. To assert that the accomplished workmanship we are accustomed to think of as Lylian existed in these lost comedies merely because they have mythological titles, seems to us to involve a gratuitous assumption—one of those lapses in logic that issue from close and long-

continued contact with special material—in this case the Revels documents. The assertion *may* be true; it certainly is “not proven”. Once more M. Feuillerat has misjudged the evidential force of valuable matter which he has himself contributed.

Another of these Idols of the Cave is M. Feuillerat’s explanation of the court-allegory in *Endimion*. That there is a court-allegory there, despite Dr. Percy Long’s arguments against the existence of one, is clear from many particularities of the text; but it is equally clear that no completely satisfactory explanation has ever been made. The three chief explanations, Halpin’s, Bond’s and M. Feuillerat’s, are all open to grave objections—least grave, perhaps, in the case of Halpin’s; insurmountable in the case of M. Feuillerat’s. Not to labor the point, it is improbable that Tellus is Mary Stuart; it is impossible that *Endimion* should be James of Scotland *if* Tellus is Mary Stuart. This problem, although it may prove to be soluble at any moment, is certainly as yet unsolved.

VI

The remainder of Lyly’s life does not require detailed examination. He marries, and has children. He becomes Esquire of the Body to the Queen, and he sits in four Parliaments. The Marprelate controversy elicits late in 1589 his pamphlet *Pappe with an Hatchet*, which, Mr. Wilson has shown, did *not* silence the Martinist press, as M. Feuillerat asserts. But not even the interest of M. Feuillerat’s or Mr. Wilson’s style can galvanize that scurrilous old quarrel back to life. *Pappe with an Hatchet* seems to mark, too, the beginning of Lyly’s own decline both in vitality and in vogue. After 1590 he produced only one new play, *The Woman in the Moone*. But this concession to the recent demand for blank verse could not, it would seem, save his popularity. He could not meet the much more fundamental demand of the time, the demand of the spacious years that followed the defeat of the Armada, for a ‘red-blooded’ literature. He lingers on at Court, hoping for a place, waiting for dead men’s shoes, and is disappointed again and again. From time to time he addresses petitions to the Queen, to Sir Robert Cecil, to Sir Robert Cotton, doubtless to others, too. The accession of

James may have revived his hopes, but the petitioner had little time left in which to feed upon them. He died in November, 1606.

VII

Lyly, the humanist as man of letters, lacked the power to deal with life at first hand, and worked wholly in literary traditions which he modified and passed on. This, which has been seen to be his limitation, also gives him his chief title to fame. He was Shakespeare's first and latest love. The symmetry of the character-grouping in *Love's Labour's Lost*, together with the humors of pedantry made ridiculous by witty pages; the plot and the articulation of scenes in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; hints for character in Jaques and Hamlet; the mild lambency of wit in Rosalind and Portia, and in general the device of women's disguise as men; these and many other borrowings, verbal even, down to a very striking parallel in *The Winter's Tale*, demonstrate that Shakespeare received much of his tradition from Lyly; who, as has been seen, realized to the utmost the benefits of the humanistic or traditional handling of literary material. In an age which has gone to the opposite extreme, it may be not amiss to recall some of these benefits.

If 'acquired characters', in the biologist's sense, were certainly inherited, we should not need to be so careful of education and of 'environment'. Every advance made by any generation or by any individual would be duly transmitted to the next generation, regardless of political or social institutions, physical circumstances, language, or the arts. Progress would be guaranteed, for each generation would do that ideal thing, profit by the experience of the past, or rather, would be endowed at birth with all those adaptations, ready-made and gratis, which experience had taught at such ruinous cost to its ancestors. But this is not how wisdom does get itself inherited. We need, as a matter of fact, to take the utmost care of education and of environment, lest the honest man's son be turned by circumstances into a thief unaware, and lest a single ill-taught generation debase our standards for a century, or destroy what a millennium may not restore. Who has not heard of a 'lost art'? We must strive, against

every kind of disintegrating force, to hand on our institutions unimpaired; and when the new, in politics, society, or religion, does come, it must be ingrafted upon the old. But even this is not enough. If the coming generations are to be truly wise—wise from within, not merely discreet under the pressure of inherited institutions—they must receive from those who go before, an art, a literature, that is itself rooted in the past, and that expresses, cumulatively, what the race has learned of the strange ways of life.

Such considerations as these give a deep social significance to the transmission of literary and artistic material—to what has here been called the humanistic tradition. The effect of the *myth*, for example, in Greek tragedy or choral lyric, must have been incalculable, burdened as it came with the solemn warnings of age after age of men, and moulded into a perfection of sensuous imagery by generation upon generation of pious voices, pious hands. So of the persistence of types in Greek sculpture, types rendered fuller and fuller of religious meaning, rendered more and more godlike and universal, by father and son and grandson and great-grandson working upon a single theme. So of Italian painting at its greatest. We know some of the steps that led to the *Last Supper* of Leonardo—the conventional Byzantine grouping by earlier craftsmen, transmitting their symbols one to another; the shifting and reshifting of the guests at the table; the modification of the background, of the wall-spacing, of the expression of eye and hand; until genius came to disclose the full human significance of that tremendous moment, and to do in painting what Shakespeare did in literature, create personality by revealing the diverse play of many characters seized in a critical instant of dramatic action. And though we do not know, yet every analogy assures us that we may imagine, how many a tribune in obscure early Christian basilicas at Rome, how many a lonely Umbrian apse among the hills, had to be decorated in stiff-figured mosaic or tempera to celebrate the elevation of the host and the Real Presence within its sanctuary; how many a saint and sage, doctor and father of the church had to be awkwardly set down with conventional attribute and gesture; how many a time had Father, Son and Holy Ghost to be grouped, age

upon age, in naive symbolism; before there could have been evolved such a marvel as Raphael's *Disputa*, embodying, in one supreme dedication of the architectonic human intellect to the service of religion, all that man from his ages of faith to his ages of superb intelligence had dreamed of the communion between the divine and the human order in the universe.

Genius gives the last impulse to the evolution of a classic; but the moderately endowed can serve, each in his time, to help it on, if they be willing to work in the tradition, and add to it each his own modicum of change, his own increment of wisdom and of beauty. No single life suffices so to distil and clarify the welter of experience that pure and universal wisdom may flow from it; no single life suffices so to master stubborn matter that supremely beautiful form and color and sound, supremely beautiful rhythm or structure, can be wrested from it. Both in the intellectual, emotional, moral process that issues in wisdom, and in the imaginative process that embodies this wisdom in beauty, he who transmits, and adds, be it ever so little, of his own, has his indispensable function to perform. On both sides the tradition will uphold his hands. Shakespeare knew the secret when he economized effort by not troubling, for instance, to invent plot; thus setting free his major energies for the deepening and universalizing of the world-old themes he found waiting for his mastery. It is thus that talent as well, like Lyly's, economizes effort by working in the tradition, and turning its surplus energy into the innovation that it adds.

The worker in a tradition enjoys, moreover, an incalculable advantage in the attitude of his audience, reader, spectator, toward his work. They come to him already in possession, though they hardly know it, of that 'nucleus of apperception' which ensures him a welcome. The moment the ancient theme appears, a whole plexus of associative tracts is set tingling in them. Those few who are conscious of a recognition are interested to see how the old tale works out anew; the naive majority experience much the same vague comfort that we all feel in being at home, where we can find our way about in the dark. When Euphues rejected Eubulus's advice and entered upon the familiar career of the Prodigal Son; when Euphues fell in love at sight

with his friend's betrothed, and entered upon the familiar career of Tito; the cultivated Elizabethan, who had brought home a copy of Boccaccio from Venice, and, may be, had himself acted in *Acolastus* at school, felt the delight that comes from taking something into a mind prepared to receive it. And again when Euphues departed from Tito's path, and actually deceived his friend, the same reader settled joyfully into a new mood of curiosity as to the outcome. At the making of the circuit, and at the breaking of the circuit, flashed a spark of æsthetic pleasure.

This is a pleasure from which our own rising generation is, to a large degree, being cut off. The neglect of the humanities in our popular and our technological education is leaving posterity not only proof against allusions, and dull to the finer suggestions and flavors of art, but unaware of the very existence of the traditions and the standards that make our modern civilization, such as it is, possible at all. For the average young person of English speech the world began in 1066, or in 1492, when we were discovered; but nothing much worth while occurred in it till the young person was born. What 'use' has he for the past? He has the moving pictures and the colored supplement. He has illusion; why should he care for allusion? But the result is something more than the degradation or even the total extinction of æsthetic pleasure. Ignorance of the humane tradition, failure to have acquired some part of the great stock of classic associations—biblical, mythological, chivalric—upon which the human spirit has fed for ages, will in time surely deprive the supreme masterpieces themselves of their power to transmit wisdom, their power to inspire and to console. The present education of our majorities is maiming the classics. We render the old guides to life powerless to speak to us; we cut out their tongues; and leave our children to the impressions of the passing show.

Here, too, finally, lies one deep significance of the more technical humanistic study of literature and art—of *Quellenstudien*, to take a single instance. Loss or ignorance of an artist's sources is fatal to the intelligent study of his work because it leaves us confronted with only one term of an evolution—the final term, the work itself. Unless we can reproduce the author's

life in its very form and pressure—and can we ever do this?—then, in ignorance of his sources, we cannot know with what material he produced this result—know what experience he refined and clarified, what form he chose from amid what multitude of forms. Given his sources, all is changed. We have at once both terms of the process—that with which he began, and that with which he ended. We see him distilling wisdom, we see him wresting beauty, from something just *so* wise, just *so* beautiful as his sources in life or books may prove to be. It is like reading a poet's manuscript corrections. We surprise the creative imagination at work. Even the humble grubber in this field, who merely digs up an origin, and can say at least that A is a source of B, although he can see no farther, deserves his meed of praise for helping that inspired critic who shall some day reveal the human significance of the transition, by telling what centuries of human experience have become embodied in the clear law of a masterpiece, and what ages of human endeavor at perfection of form have there approached success. *Sic vos non vobis* may be the motto of the scholar, as well as of the literary transmitter and innovator like Lyly. It is enough for either to have assisted in the evolution of a classic.

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LIFE IN POLAND TO-DAY

At two o'clock one chilly October morning in 1921 my wife and I stepped out from the Paris-Warsaw express on the platform at Poznan (Posen). Despite the unseemly hour, the station was bustling with travellers, for our train was by far the best connecting Poznan with distant points. Taking one of the many waiting cabs, we journeyed from one hotel to another, and four times we were repulsed. When the heartless answer—"All full!"—came for a fifth time, I grew desperate. "But we are Americans," I protested in my stammering Polish, "and it's cold out of doors! May we not come in and sit in your drawing-room until morning?" Then the porter's memory was refreshed; perhaps he thought of Mr. Hoover's kindness to his suffering countrymen—and perhaps he yearned for an American tip. "Come in," he said, and took us upstairs to a spacious room. By mere good luck we had found the best hotel in the city. The card by the door gave the price of the room as five hundred marks.

Next day I paid twelve and one half cents for that most comfortable apartment. We dined at noon, according to the Polish habit: an excellent three-course dinner with the best beef-steak that we had eaten in Europe. For that we paid about fifteen cents apiece. Such was our introduction to the Polish exchange. We remained in Poland through February, first visiting friends near Poznan for a fortnight, then spending a few days in Warsaw, and finally settling for four months in Cracow. For three weeks we took a vacation in Zakopane, Poland's one mountain resort. We were ill and paid doctors' bills. Although we were not extravagant, we made no special effort to economize; for instance, we always travelled first-class, went to the best restaurants, and sat in the best seats at the theatre. We took lessons of private tutors, and paid the highest current rate, seven hundred marks an hour. In Cracow we lived in spacious rooms and had excellent board. And in our four and a half months we spent about five hundred and fifty dollars.

The exchange rate dominates all Poland's economic life, both public and domestic—and Polish conversation as well. The Polish currency is as frank and honest as any in the world. The notes of the Polish State Bank, which are the only money in use, promise merely: "The Polish government assumes responsibility for the exchange of this note for future Polish legal tender under such conditions as may be established by the Diet for Polish marks." There is thus no pretence of a gold basis and no imitation of the pompous Bolshevik announcement: "Secured by the entire property of the Republic". When the Germans occupied Russian Poland in 1915 and declared it an 'independent' country, they introduced their own mark, already much depreciated from its nominal value of 23.80 cents, as the standard currency. When the Germans retired, the Poles as a temporary measure continued the use of the mark. When Austrian Poland was united to their state, the Austrian crown, of a nominal value of 20.30 cents, was declared worth seven-tenths of a mark. This temporary currency still remains in use, and the government, like most others on the continent, has paid its bills by the use of the printing-press. Its fiat money has declined to a thousandth part of its nominal value. In the latter half of 1921 a dollar would buy from 2,500 to 7,000 marks; during our residence in Poland the rate was from 2,600 to 4,000, and at present (July, 1922) it is about 5,000. Prices have risen accordingly, but on articles produced in Poland they have by no means kept pace with the exchange, and wages and salaries have followed only at a long distance. Hence prices seem fabulous both to Poles and to American visitors, but for different reasons. The government has striven to help matters by practically prohibiting the export of food stuffs, thereby making board relatively far cheaper than clothing. Probably this is a wise measure, as the land-owners of the country, including the peasants, are the most prosperous part of the population. The rate of exchange, of course, operates as a huge protective tariff. Hence industry has revived and there is little unemployment in Poland. No Pole who is able and willing to work need fear starvation. But the life of the people, particularly of the educated classes, dependent on salaries, is a hard, grinding struggle with

poverty. Engineers, government employees, bank clerks, and professors have the necessities of life, but they must forego all comforts.

In Warsaw, which now contains certainly over a million inhabitants in its crowded dwellings, we saw two or three automobiles a day; in Cracow, with a population of about a quarter of a million, we saw as many in a week. And of these few cars a considerable proportion undoubtedly belonged to foreigners. For how can even a wealthy Pole buy and maintain a machine that must be imported and then kept in repair with foreign material?

Of the main commodities coal was the hardest to procure. In Cracow during the past winter some schools were temporarily closed owing to the shortage. My friends would warn me not to take off my overcoat when I entered their studies, or would explain apologetically that they could heat only one or two rooms in their apartments. People scrambled to obtain coal by fair means or foul. Stealing from coal trains was an industry approved by public opinion, and pious people bought the stolen goods just as equally worthy Americans buy smuggled liquor.

When we came to Cracow the salary of a university professor was about fifteen dollars a month. It is hard to support a family on that figure, even in Poland. Since then conditions have improved; some men now receive as much as forty dollars a month. A chance companion on the train told me that he was a railway engineer, fairly high in the state service. His salary again was about twenty-five dollars a month. One should add, however, that a state law had forbidden any increase in the price of lodgings to old tenants, and any evictions so long as rent was paid, despite the catastrophic decline in the purchasing power of the mark. Hence any family that occupied an apartment before the war clung desperately to it, paying a rent of perhaps five cents a month. On the other hand, a wealthy profiteer might pay a bonus of a million marks in order to obtain a desirable lodging.

Most unfortunate of all persons in Poland are retired officials and widows living on pensions. An allowance of the value of five hundred dollars before the war is now worth only fifty cents, so that the holder of it becomes dependent on charity. In Cra-

cow we visited one of the two kitchens maintained by the American Relief Administration for the benefit of these suffering 'intelligents'. In the crowded room men and women with refined faces, many of them with garments that spoke of a former life of decent comfort, were eating a meal of soup, bread, and rice with chocolate sauce, for which they paid about half a cent. This sum covered the cost of administration, while the food was a gift to Poland. When our guide told the diners that we were Americans they rose as a sign of respect to our country. One elderly man made a little speech, touching despite its florid phrases, telling of the heartfelt gratitude that they, 'poor intelligents', cherished for Mr. Hoover, his aids, and his nation. Why did I not have the wit to reply that America was merely returning her debt to Poland for the generous devotion of Kosciuszko and Pulaski in days gone by? Other Americans have won the hearts of the Poles as much by that answer as by their material services.

All persons who before the war had accumulated a bank deposit have seen their savings of a lifetime swept away. Old Hanusia, the servant in our house, an illiterate woman of sixty-seven, has been earning her own living for sixty years. By the humblest sort of toil she had gathered together a fortune of twelve hundred Austrian crowns, or two hundred and forty dollars, enough to secure her admission to a servants' home in her old age; now she had seen this dwindle to some twenty-five cents. Stout of frame and of heart, always cheerful, always ready to work, perfectly honest and beaming with kindness, Hanusia seemed to me the symbol of Poland, rising superior to all blows of fate. When we started for Zakopane, no words could dissuade her from shouldering our forty-pound sack of rugs and other luggage, and bearing it down to the cab. To have prevented her by force would have destroyed her self-respect and have made her loth to accept her small tip.

But Polish hard times are not of the sort that cultivate industry and economy. Gambling on the exchange is a favorite pastime, particularly with bank clerks, if accounts be true. And one does not wonder at the crowds that throng the theatres and cafés. When one's savings in the bank may be cancelled by a

further decline in the public credit there is little inducement to accumulate from day to day.

Business operations on a large scale are difficult with so fluctuating a currency. It is hard to make a state budget balance when prices of commodities and of labor are mounting at an indeterminate rate. Individuals meet the situation as best they can. A large landed proprietor told me that his peasants paid their rents in wheat. Contracts may be drawn up in dollars instead of marks. The mechanics of even small operations are cumbersome. The Polish note of highest denomination, a piece of thick paper measuring nine by five and a half inches, is for only five thousand marks, or, at present, just about a dollar; the next highest, of a thousand marks, is of only slightly smaller dimensions. Thus in order to pay an account of a few hundred dollars one must carry his money in a satchel. In the banks the notes are made into thick bundles and stacked up like baled hay. I once saw a shabby porter enter a bank, bending under the weight of a huge burlap sack. Setting this down on the floor with a thud, he began to pull from it great billets of paper money.

Another business difficulty comes from the lack of training of the Poles in banking operations. Before the war practically all the banking on Polish territory was in the hands of Germans, Russians, or Jews. After the recognition of Poland as an independent nation banking institutions began to spring up everywhere, with scanty capital and improvised staffs. As the Poles have small genius for organization, three or four clerks are employed to do the work assigned to one man in this country, and they do it poorly. When I wished to pay two bills to English firms, of six dollars apiece, I was forced to wait for two hours and a half in a Cracow bank, passed from one assistant to the next, in order to obtain my drafts. An American banking agent who had struggled for weeks with Polish delays told me that I had received reasonably prompt attention.

The same lack of training, and the same multiplication of useless officials, characterize the whole Polish government administration. Under Premier Paderewski political jobs were distributed with a liberal hand, and they have played their part in

swelling the deficits in the Polish budgets. But one must be charitable. Only in Austrian Poland had the Poles any experience in the government service; under Prussian rule not even a letter-carrier could be a Pole. An entirely new body of officials had to be created, and the central government had to reckon with different regions that had come to diverge widely in political and economic habits and customs during more than a hundred years of Russian, Prussian, or Austrian administration.

In Cracow the shops were pitifully barren, and in Warsaw hardly less so. How could it be otherwise when nearly all articles of luxury must be imported, and few Poles could pay the ruinous foreign prices? Even here multiplication of clerks was the rule. I remember one pathetic little box of a shop in Cracow, where two girls patiently kept guard over a few rolls of cloth. But the book-shops were a glorious exception. They were well stocked with good, solid books, well printed, though generally on poor, spongy paper, and they did a brisk trade. The war has temporarily ruined Poland's economic prosperity, but it has quickened its intellectual life beyond measure. Before 1914 all school and university instruction in Prussian Poland had to be in German; in Russian Poland, which contained two-thirds of the entire Polish population, the situation of the Polish language was nearly as unfavorable. After the war all was changed, for the Poles set themselves with a will to the task of national education. The new schools that were opened had to be equipped with text-books, so that the book trade was vastly stimulated. They had to be provided with teachers, so that boys and girls had a new, economic motive for flocking to the universities, new and old, to say nothing of their patriotic eagerness to attend the universities of their free country. And text-books must be furnished for the university classes. University professors living on starvation salaries hastened to write volumes that would add to their income. And so the book-shops were filled, not with new novels, but with works on history, sociology, and science. Of foreign books, for obvious reasons, I saw few, and those few seemed to be mainly remnants of old stocks. The prices seemed absurdly low to an American. Thus I bought for twenty-five

cents a splendid history of Polish literature, of over five hundred large pages, and paid eighteen cents more for a good full cloth binding.

Into the life of Polish university teachers and students I obtained some insight at the University of Cracow. Professors of literature and grammar courteously invited me to visit their classes. So I sat on the long benches along with the boys and girls, who were polite to my gray hairs. The organization of the university is of the usual continental type, with free and easy attendance at lectures or absence from them. At first I came early in order to obtain a seat, but later in the term I found plenty of room. The faculty are for the most part men of eminent talent. A friend of mine well qualified to judge has bluntly characterized the younger Professor Godlewski as "the most brilliant experimental biologist in Europe." And, judging for myself, I thought that the opportunities for the study of comparative linguistics were better at Cracow than in any American university.

University students are more or less the same everywhere; among those of Cracow I felt immediately at home and once more young. But there are differences of detail. The club of "Polonists", special students of the Polish language and literature, genially asked my wife and me to attend one of their social meetings. The small hall was crowded with youths and maidens, chatting, giggling, and flirting. We seated ourselves at an improvised table, ate sandwiches and cake, and drank tea. My neighbor was Professor Los, that great specialist on the history of the Polish language. And while we ate, students performed literary 'stunts'. A lad of fine talent, one of the best of the younger writers of verse in Poland, gave a parody of a lecture by my learned companion. It was perfect, with the same catch-phrases and the same occasional stammering, so that my poor friend turned red and looked abashed. Then the parodist stepped up to Professor Los, exclaiming: "Do excuse me, dear professor!", and kissed his hand. And the kindly scholar replied, "Most certainly"; so that the episode ended as merrily as it began. Later the table was removed and the evening ended with a dance.

At another meeting of the same club, open to the public, a young poet gave a reading from his verse. There was an admission fee of one cent. About one hundred and fifty people were in the hall, and they seemed interested in the poet's productions, which were of the futurist variety. I cannot imagine such an assembly at any American university known to me. The Poles are more emotional, and less bashful about showing their emotions, than are the Anglo-Saxons; they enjoy literature and know how literature has buoyed up the spirit of their nation during its century of trial and tribulation. And they are eager to encourage any aspirant to literary fame.

Many of the students are very poor. For their benefit there was built some years ago a cheap dormitory, which is operated by the students themselves, vacancies in it being filled by election. In the basement is a cheap restaurant, aided by the American Relief Administration. In order to avail themselves of its privileges students must furnish proof of poverty. When we visited the restaurant we found it, like most such institutions, cheerless but nutritious.

My tutor, a student who was just then taking his doctorate in Polish philology, was a Pole of unusual type. Regular as the clock, matter-of-fact, indifferent to literature and a fanatical lover of grammar, he had a character quite the reverse of that which we ordinarily associate with the Poles. Correcting my exercises with microscopic care, he showed an instinct for style that surprised me in a man who regarded his examinations in literature as a necessary evil. In business and in the public service such men as he will do much to save Poland. For the magnates, the aristocrats of the country, he professed the greatest scorn, denouncing them as idle and frivolous.

Perhaps many of the Polish magnates, the men whom Sienkiewicz depicts in his novels and who have furnished us with our popular idea of the Polish temperament, are idle and dissipated, but I refuse to believe an indictment against a whole section of Polish society. At all events, they, and still more their wives and their daughters, have eminent social charm. At the Countess Potocka's salon on a Saturday evening one may find the cream of Cracow society. Conversation, which continually shifts

from Polish to French or English, is clever and entertaining. And the hostess reigns with supreme skill over her little realm, making each person feel at home and confident that he is her most welcome guest.

'Magnate' in Polish means a wealthy land-owner, not an industrial plutocrat. Old Poland was a land of masters and serfs, of nobles' mansions and peasants' huts. And even to-day, despite the progress of industry in Lodz and other cities, the manor of the landed proprietor, surrounded at a respectful distance by the cottages of peasants, once the serfs but now the tenants of the estate, is the typical form of Polish life. Many noble estates have declined, owing to faulty administration; and, like all else in the country, most of them have suffered from the war and from the falling currency. One proprietor, who had recently returned from an exile of thirty years, complained bitterly that his lands had been rented for long terms, so that for an acre he now received hardly more than the value of a postage-stamp. Other men have been forced to sell portions of their domains in order to pay taxes. But we had more than a glimpse of one great estate that has surmounted all difficulties of the present day.

Dobrojewo, the property of Count Kwilecki, is between Poznan and Berlin, not far from the present German frontier. To reach the manor, which is perhaps a dozen miles from any town of importance, we drove from the tiny railway station six miles over the monotonous plain, passing only peasants' cottages by the wayside, then turned up a fine tree-lined avenue which led to a huge structure of three stories, built in 1770, and flanked on each side by smaller buildings, one for guests and one for servants. In this remote spot we found a well-ordered, self-dependent life, with luxury like that of a Fifth Avenue mansion. The household consisted of the Count and the Countess Kwilecki, three daughters, four governesses and a Latin tutor, and a host of servants. The Countess at once offered us afternoon tea, with cakes that might have come from a Paris shop, but were really produced in the basement of the manor. Later the delicious dinner was served by a butler and four maids, in uniform. These maids were daughters of workmen on the estate,

who were taking a sort of domestic science course at the manor, learning from the older servants; later the Countess would find them positions with her friends. The estate had its own water system, its own electric light plant, installed by the work of Russian prisoners during the war, and its own distillery. The Countess herself supervised every detail of the housekeeping; she had, for instance, studied the best methods of preserving, and two hundred cans of asparagus were one item in her huge store-room. The Count, a trained agronomist, attended to his 7,200 acres, his 120 horses, and his 500 cattle. He is also a talented sculptor, but now, as he says, has no time for art. No household that I have ever entered is more efficiently ordered or has a more agreeable home atmosphere than this great manor of Dobrojewo.

But what interested us most was the way in which this family had adapted itself to changed conditions. Since coal could not be procured in large quantities, the Count had begun to cut peat on his estate; three million bricks of it were on hand for the winter. Cloth had risen fabulously in price, good sheeting from about half a mark a yard to a thousand marks. So the Countess had revived the old hand-spinning and weaving of flax, which was grown on the estate. She took pride in showing us her domestic factory, where one woman was breaking and combing the flax on home-made appliances, six girls were busily spinning on wheels resurrected from attics or cottages, and three were weaving on hand-loom. One loom produced sheeting, rather coarse in texture but strong and serviceable; a second transformed the inferior parts of the flax into a stuff much like burlap, used for grain sacks; and on a third a linen warp was being filled with blue woolen thread, making a linsey-woolsey fabric that was used for workmen's coats and overalls.

The peasants on this estate seemed in their own way as prosperous and contented with life as their landlord. The Poznan region, to be sure, thanks to its rough apprenticeship under efficient though not philanthropic German rule, and to its remoteness from the scene of war, is the most flourishing part of Poland, and Dobrojewo may well have been the best-managed property in the region. Even so, it showed the industry and

resourcefulness of which Poles are capable. A visit to it made one more than ever indignant at the infamous Prussian land law, which was designed to eject by force the Polish gentry from their ancestral domains, and to settle German colonists in their places.

Another type of estate we saw at Goluchów, the home of Prince Czartoryski. Here the lands had been rented. The pride of the family was the eighteenth-century château, which had been filled with works of art by the aunt of the present proprietor, until it became a museum and drove out its owners into a newer structure. In the château Italian paintings, Greek vases, old armor, and precious porcelain were arranged with a care and taste that made the collection as a whole as much a work of art as any single piece contained in it. And around the château was a magnificent park that reminded us of the great English estates.

In the eastern territories of eighteenth-century Poland only the gentry class was Polish, while the peasantry was mainly Russian. These lands are for the greater part under Bolshevik rule, although the boundary is considerably further east than it would lie on a strictly ethnographic basis. The Polish landed proprietors have either been murdered or have fled for their lives to the west. Their lot is similar to that of the Russian magnates, although the Poles have at least found a refuge with their own countrymen, instead of being scattered broadcast over Europe. Of these refugees we met many. Countess R—, for example, a lady of refinement and dignity in misfortune, told us how her son had been murdered and how she herself had been sheltered by faithful peasants, and, in order to escape detection, had worked in the fields as a laborer. Now she is homeless, since, owing to the peculiar Polish law of which I have spoken, she cannot dispossess a tenant from the house which she owns in Warsaw. Listening to such stories one could at least understand, if not approve, the attempts of the Poles to recover territories that they can claim on no valid grounds. Like the Greeks, the Poles are cursed with too many historic memories; they have squandered lives and property by striving to regain their boundaries as they once existed, from sea to sea,

instead of bending all their efforts to establish order and prosperity in the broad area which is Polish by race and by language as well as by history.

The Polish cities are now all overcrowded, owing in part to this influx of refugees from the east. Warsaw is by far the most thickly settled city in Europe. Before the war the Russians for military reasons restricted building to a limited area, and since the war the Poles have been able to erect few new structures. Hence every corner of space is occupied; at the hotels one can hardly obtain a room except through bribery, and one can find a lodging at a private house only with the greatest difficulty. We heard stories of students living six in a room. After watching the crowds in the streets we could credit all these reports. Even in Cracow, now only a provincial city of diminished importance, lodgings were difficult to obtain at prices which a Pole could afford. In Poznan the situation was not so serious. The main portion of that city is modern, with wide, clean streets and rows of shapely though rather commonplace buildings of the Berlin type. Prussian rule brought with it German order and efficiency, in contrast to dirty Warsaw. But now the German population, of officials and business men, has nearly all departed, and as there are but few Jews in the city, Poznan is the most purely Polish of all the towns in the republic. Its most striking building, by the way, is the Royal Castle, built at immense expense as a residence for the late William II. The lower portion is now occupied by the newly founded Polish university, while the gorgeous state apartments above have been preserved intact, to be shown to visitors as a monument of the age that is gone.

Such was Poland as we saw it; it was like most countries, a mixture of hardship and misery with prosperity and even splendor. For American eyes, to be sure, the hardship was most prominent, while the splendor was but fitful and worn by age. But the Poles regarded their country from a different point of view; nations do not live by bread alone. It was noteworthy that while they spoke often and frankly of their difficulties, few of them complained much of their hardships. Poland was free once more, in the hands of her own sons and daughters, and had

at last the opportunity to shape her own destiny. And so the Poles were cheerful and confident. They had passed through worse tribulations in the past and had survived as a people; now they were resolved to survive as a nation. The Poles vie with the Irish in cheerfulness under difficulties; in particular, they never know when they are bankrupt. A buoyant optimism has always characterized their race, and has shone forth even in the literature produced in times of bitterest oppression. Is it only the optimism of self-deceit, the self-satisfaction of a dreamer, supported by neither material nor by spiritual force? I do not think so.

I cannot help sharing the hopes and the confidence of the people who gave me hospitality, and for whose land I came to feel true affection, as for a home by adoption. To be sure, the Poles are more temperamental in their view of their country than suits an Anglo-Saxon taste. They think too much of their boundaries and their hussars of the sixteenth century, too little of their budget and taxes of the twentieth. They take over-much pride in their army and its uniform, although, surrounded as they are by the Germans and the Bolsheviks, perhaps they may be pardoned for their eagerness to become once more a military power. In the words of one of my friends in the American Relief Administration, they are readier to die for Poland than to live and to work for her. "We are idle by nature," a Polish aristocrat once wrote to me, "and we should not be blamed for that quality, any more than the Americans should be stigmatized as slaves to their daily toil." Furthermore, the gulf between the aristocracy and the peasants and the workingmen is still very broad, and party conflicts exceedingly bitter. The most disgraceful fact known to me in regard to this modern Poland is that Polish Bolsheviks were with the invading Russian army in 1920, eager to overthrow the institutions of their country and to establish themselves in power by foreign help. Thus it is fortunate that Polish parties have a class and not a regional basis, so that no section of the country is in the least inclined to secede from the republic and to invoke foreign aid for that purpose. One may add that anti-semitism is a main interest among many Polish politicians, nor can the most tolerant outsider observe

that as a class the Polish Jews have shown any marked desire to fuse their interests with those of Poland as a whole.

But behind all defects of the national temperament, behind all internal dissensions there is in Poland to-day the will to live. Old Poland went to ruin because her people thought more of their own comfort or of private, local interests than of the public weal. Polish patriotism of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries, however inspiring in its individual manifestations, was after all only sporadic. That time seems past; patriotism is no longer the exclusive property of the aristocracy, still less is it restricted to dreamers and poets and their disciples, soldiers filled with boyish and hopeless heroism. Now the Poles as a whole are proud of their country, and are eager to preserve it, even if they differ sadly as to the best means of doing so. They are willing to die for Poland, not to fight in squabbles between local magnates. And gradually, one may hope, they are learning to work for Poland. I remember how Polish peasants have adapted themselves to new conditions in Massachusetts, winning prosperity on farms abandoned by Americans, and meanwhile themselves becoming good American citizens. I think of my hard-working, successful friends in Poland itself, from Count and Countess Kwilecki down to poor Hanusia. And above all I call to mind how Minister of Finance Michalski has labored with the Polish budget, introducing new taxes, and discharging useless officials, and how he has succeeded in making the Polish mark at least more stable than it was before he came to power. One must not forget that in Poland the war ended only in 1920, when the Bolsheviks penetrated, ravaging and burning, to the very gates of Warsaw. Rome was not built in a day and one need not repine if Poland has not quite been rebuilt in its scant two years of peace. The Polish people have become united and may be trusted to maintain their union.

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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

I may claim to have seen both the opening and closing events of the war, for I saw the opening shot fired at Fort Sumter and caught sight of President Davis and his Cabinet entering a private residence at Abbeville, South Carolina, my old home, for their last meeting in 1865.

Several statements have been made concerning the first soldier to lose his life in actual service on the Confederate side. One refers to a soldier accidentally drowned by falling out of a boat at Pensacola harbor; another to a private in a Georgia regiment who was killed by a snake bite at or near Augusta; and two others to soldiers dying of typhoid fever in different states. But for none of these was the death recorded as occurring earlier than February, 1861. I witnessed the sudden death of a soldier in my own company in January, 1861, and the accident was a remarkable one.

I left the University of Virginia early in January, 1861, to enter the service of South Carolina. On the day of my arrival at home, Abbeville, I joined a company which had been ordered to Charleston the next day. Our company reached its destination the next night and heard that the *Star of the West*, in attempting to provision Fort Sumter, had been fired on that same day by a battery on Morris Island and had turned back. Our company the day after was sent to Sullivan's Island to join Gregg's Regiment, the first South Carolina Infantry, the first body of troops raised on the Southern side. It was enlisted for six months. The regiment was quartered in the old Moultrie House, an immense summer hotel just above Fort Moultrie. My mess occupied the parlor on the second floor, while just at the head of the steps leading from the first floor was the mess of a party of our special friends. Every afternoon the regiment held a dress parade. Not later than two weeks after our arrival, a young friend of mine from my village left the University of Virginia and came to us, joining the mess next to ours. His name was Clark Allen. Very shortly afterward, returning from

dress parade to his room, after putting up his gun and equipment, he hurried out of his door, which was almost immediately at the head of the steps. A messmate, also returning from parade, carrying his gun at trail with bayonet fixed, was entering the room just as Allen came running out, so that the bayonet entered poor Allen's eye, piercing to the brain. Hearing the noise I entered the room just as he was breathing his last. His death was almost instantaneous. This accident, which cast a gloom over the regiment, happened certainly some little time before the end of January, and Allen's death was, beyond reasonable doubt, the first on the Southern side. No statement of an earlier one has ever been made, so far as I have been able to learn.

An accident showing the great confusion and inexperience that marked the early days of the war is, perhaps, worthy of mention next. The end of Sullivan's Island farthest from Fort Moultrie and lying beyond the bar was picketed by companies of Gregg's Regiment as long as it remained on the Island. In February, 1861, our company was ordered to take its first turn at picket duty. Drawn up in the afternoon in front of the Moultrie House, it was given ball cartridges and was ordered to take up its line of march to the point, some four miles away. We reached there before dark and were bivouacked among the sandhills, our beds the sand and our covering the sky. We had no camp equipment, only our own overcoats or the shawls fashionable at that time, a godsend to those of us that had them. No rations appeared during the three days we were on that point, for it seems never to have entered the heads of the authorities that we needed anything to eat. So we had a hungry time of it, and were forced to live literally by our wits. Some of us caught crabs and fish in the inlet between our island and the next outer one, and some of the more enterprising discovered an oyster bank belonging to Truesdale, who supplied Charleston with that bivalve. After that we lived almost entirely on oysters, raw and cooked, but unsalted, and before we were done with them we loathed their very appearance. We had to pay for them, too, out of our own pockets. Those who could not eat them had an exceedingly hard time of it. At the expiration of our turn at picket duty, the company was quietly marched back

to headquarters and heard never a word explaining our enforced starvation.

Late in February or early in March, 1861, our regiment was transferred from Sullivan's Island to Morris Island, and was employed chiefly in throwing up sand batteries along the front side of the island facing the main ship-channel of the harbor. One of these batteries was armed with two eight-inch howitzers, another with two eleven-inch Dahlgreens, and the others with guns of lighter calibre, some of them Columbiads. Some weeks before the attack on Fort Sumter, an order was issued closing the harbor and requiring all vessels, before attempting to enter, to display their flags. A few days afterwards, on a beautiful afternoon, a schooner was seen crossing the bar and coming up mid-channel without any flag. An outer battery on Sullivan's Island fired a blank cartridge at her, but without stopping her. A battery on Morris Island on the other side of the harbor almost immediately afterwards fired a round shot ahead of her. Batteries on both sides of the harbor next opened on her, but she sailed steadily on. The firing was very wild, few of the shells striking or exploding within measurable distance of her. Standing at the battery of heavy Dahlgreen guns, I watched the firing with great interest. All the batteries and the guns of Fort Moultrie were playing upon her, when it appeared suddenly to dawn on her commander that he was getting into a pretty tight place, for turning sharply he raised his flag and raced out of the harbor. As the order came to the Dahlgreen battery to open fire, its commander, Captain Worley, an officer of the old navy, burst into tears as he gave the order to fire, exclaiming: "I have served under that flag for nearly twenty years, and it almost breaks my heart to fire on it now." His shot was one of the best made at the boat, for his shell exploded only a short distance above it. The poor fellow was killed later on in the war. Stopping after he had crossed the bar, the captain of the schooner told the commander of the police boat sent out to question him that he had only a cargo of ice on board, that he knew nothing of the order closing the harbor, and that all the firing made him lose his head, as he did not know and could not tell what it was all about. This incident supplied clear proof of the poor

marksmanship of the artillery in those early days and of its sad need of training.

A few days before the attack on Fort Sumter, a brigade of South Carolina troops was sent to Morris Island, and the commanding general established his headquarters in a summer home, the one nearest the far end of the Island, to be away as far as possible, so unfriendly critics declared, from the guns of Fort Sumter. Even at this early day in the short-lived Confederacy it appears that bickerings had begun. On the night before the day set for the attack, I received orders to report for orderly duty at headquarters early the next morning. It was everywhere known that the fort would be attacked next day. As I hurriedly dressed before daybreak and issued from my tent, I heard the cry: "There she goes!" and looking towards Fort Johnson on James Island, the one lying between Morris Island and Charleston, I saw the flash of the gun and watched the flaming track of the shell until it burst some distance in the air above Fort Sumter.

There has been much contention as to who fired the first gun of the war. The distinction has been claimed for the commander of James Island, for the commander of Fort Johnson, for the officer in charge of the firing squad, and for the soldier who pulled the lanyard of the gun. It has also been claimed for Edmund Ruffin, a prominent Virginian and distinguished agricultural writer. The first shot was certainly fired from Fort Johnson and to the commander of the firing squad probably belongs the honor. Mr. Ruffin fired the first shot from Morris Island, a short time after the opening one. An order had been given to fire in turn from the different batteries around the harbor and at intervals of a minute between the shots. Morris Island lay on the outside of James Island, and on the other side of the harbor were Castle Pinckney, a floating battery, and Sullivan's Island with Fort Moultrie and other batteries. At the end of Morris Island nearest Fort Sumter, only 1,200 yards distant, was Cummins Point with a battery of two large guns protected by a sloping construction of heavy timbers covered with railroad iron and provided with self-closing portholes for the guns. These guns were intended to breach the fort. It will be seen

that it took some time for the guns of the different batteries to complete the firing circuit.

Reporting for duty early next morning at headquarters, I was immediately sent with dispatches to the commander of Cummins Point. When I was about half-way back to headquarters, I noticed the sandhills, of which the Island was largely composed, crowded with soldiers watching the bombardment. Suddenly I saw them throwing themselves flat on the ground, and I heard the cry "There she comes!" Speedily following their example, I heard the rush of a load of grapeshot passing directly overhead. Looking back I saw that the shot had come from a barbette gun of the fort bearing directly on the island. The shot greatly relieved us, for it told us that the fort had no shells, the effects of which on our open batteries of sand, we had very much dreaded.

I had noticed Mr. Ruffin the day before on the island, a man of venerable appearance with long white hair. To him had been given the distinction of firing the first shot from the powerful battery on Cummins Point. The first day of the bombardment was quite tame, but the second day was very active. Early on the second morning, from the observatory on headquarters I saw and reported to the staff assembled in the room below the arrival of the Federal fleet and its formation in line of battle. All was in commotion at once and there was great perplexity as to the steps to be taken. Colonel Whiting, an old army officer temporarily on duty with the staff, spoke up with an oath, denouncing the delay and urging the beating of the long roll and the formation of all the troops on the beach in line of battle to resist any attempted landing of the boats. This was hastily done. Soon afterwards I announced the firing of red-hot shot from Fort Moultrie and the burning of the barracks in the fort. Before noon I reported the shooting away of the flagstaff in the fort and a little later the display of the white flag indicating its surrender.

In the afternoon a boat was seen to leave the fleet and to head directly for the fort in mid-channel. I was sent down to watch its manœuvres. All along the front of Morris Island were batteries bearing directly on the channel. One of these, of two eight-inch howitzers, was manned by the German artillery from

Charleston. Stationing myself directly behind this battery, I watched the progress of the boat, which had a leg-of-mutton sail and which certainly displayed no white flag visible to the batteries. When the boat came abreast of the howitzers, the old German commander fired a blank cartridge and almost instantly followed it with a round shot. Standing immediately behind the gun, I could plainly see the flight of the ball. Ricocheting more than once, it appeared to rise and descend directly upon the boat,—a magnificent shot. A spray of water seemed to cover the boat, and the next moment the mast and sail were down, and an officer was seen in the boat frantically waving a white flag. The boat was then perhaps over a mile away. Heading directly for the battery, the boat, manned by a large crew of sailors with an officer in the stern, rapidly neared the shore. A crowd speedily collected and a Confederate officer of rank came up as the boat landed. The Federal officer, springing on shore in a towering rage, shouted out: "Is this the way you inaugurate war, by firing on a flag of truce?" He declared that he had been flying the white flag all the time and that he was not attempting to reach the fort. Although from the battery itself the white flag was certainly not visible, nevertheless the captain of the battery was finally placed under arrest, unjustly, as all thought who witnessed the incident.

A day or so after Fort Sumter fell, news came to the island that Virginia had seceded, that Norfolk was in flames, and that troops were badly needed in that state. It was rumored in our camp that the regiment would be addressed by our colonel the next day and that he would call for volunteers to serve in Virginia. Our terms of enlistment were for a period of only six months within the state of South Carolina. That night our captain, Perrin, drew us up and urged us strongly not to volunteer, declaring that it was all nonsense to think of such a thing, that there would be no fighting to amount to anything, and that he wished to take his entire company home in a body to receive and enjoy the warm welcome awaiting it there. He was afterwards killed as a colonel commanding a regiment in Virginia.

The next day Colonel Gregg in an eloquent speech urged us all to volunteer for service in Virginia. In closing he asked all

those desiring to volunteer to step some paces to the front. Some companies came forward in a body and Perrin's was the only company in which the majority refused to volunteer. Only eleven of us, nearly all from my mess, stepped to the front. Perrin refused to speak to us afterwards. We joined the Richland Rifles from Columbia and the next night the regiment, still nearly one thousand strong, boarded a train of freight cars for Virginia. On our arrival in Richmond we were given an ovation, for we were the first troops outside the state to reach there. Besides we were looked upon as veterans, having been in service for three months and having actually been under fire.

After a short stay in Richmond, first at the old fair grounds and then at the reservoir, we were sent forward to the front at Manassas. On our arrival there we found that Beauregard had only about fifteen hundred troops under his command. Shortly after our arrival an incident occurred showing the high tension and confusion prevalent in the camp. Our regiment was sent forward one afternoon for picket duty at Bull Run, some few miles in front. Arriving there shortly before dark, we bivouacked and slept on our arms. Leisurely returning to camp next morning, we were suddenly halted about a half mile away from it, and were kept waiting in the road for what seemed an interminable time. Finally we were allowed to proceed and after our return to camp, where we found many signs of subsiding confusion, we learned that we had been mistaken for the enemy; that the sentinels had reported the advance of the enemy, the long roll had been beaten, the guns had been placed in position, and the line of battle had been formed. How the Federals had been able to get rid of our regiment which was between them and the camp and how they had succeeded in approaching without firing a gun was a mystery left to the commanding officer to solve.

As more troops came in, we were sent forward as an advanced guard to Centreville. While we were there, the enemy made a night dash at Fairfax Court House and badly demoralized its small garrison. In the engagement Captain Marr, a fine officer, was killed, probably the first Virginian to lose his life in the war. Our regiment was drawn up as a guard of honor when his remains reached Centreville on a beautiful spring day.

After a short stay at Centreville, the regiment was pushed forward to Fairfax Court House. Here we threw up breastworks, as the Federals were in force in Alexandria. Learning that the enemy were in the habit of sending out foraging parties from that city along the railway leading to the valley, our commander planned to strike one of these parties. One very hot day in June a force was organized and sent forward, the Black Horse Cavalry in front, our regiment with three days' rations and fifty rounds of ball cartridges in the centre, and Kemper's battery in the rear. We began our forward movement early in the morning, our objective Drainsville, about thirty miles up the Potomac. The day was stiflingly hot, the roads were bad, the dust thick, our loads heavy, and before nightfall, when our destination was reached, many men had succumbed. A march of thirty miles under such circumstances was a most trying one for all the infantry, many of whom had never before tramped ten miles a day. Our regiment had certainly never made a day's march of ten miles before.

Resting that night, our command, footsore and weary, began its return march to Fairfax Court House the next morning. Some time between four and five o'clock in the afternoon we reached Vienna, a small station on the railway some miles out of Alexandria. The station building was immediately on the railway leading to the city, and the track approached it from the town on a sharp curve. Some hundreds of yards distant from the station up the road by which we approached was a low hill, behind which our regiment was halted and drawn up in line of battle. Kemper's guns were placed in position immediately above us and just below the crest of the hill, over which they were to fire. We awaited the coming of the enemy for nearly an hour, when finally our colonel gave the command to resume the line of march. Just as the last files of the regiment were uncovering the guns, which had begun to unlimber, the whistle of an engine was heard. The command was given to about face and double quick back, and we had not regained our former position when a long train of many box cars and open platform cars all loaded with troops, was seen rapidly approaching backwards around the curve. Kemper's guns, served with great rapidity,

opened immediately upon it with grape and canister. The confusion and terror on the train were evidently very great. It quickly stopped and the troops began confusedly jumping to the ground. The train was cut in two, the engine with a number of cars dashed back to the city, leaving those on the ground to their fate. Several cars were also left behind. We could see some officers gallantly attempting to rally and form their men, but the surprise and terror were too great, and the soldiers scattered in every direction leading to the city. My company (A) was at once sent in pursuit, but the fugitives were too swift for us and rapidly disappeared. We waited for a short time, expecting them to form. Returning long after dark, we found the cars on fire, and ranged alongside of them in a row at a little distance away we saw a number of blue-clad bodies, the fires lighting up their ghastly faces. All were those of young men with flaxen hair and German faces, and their bodies showed terrible wounds. It was our first sight of men killed in battle, and one so horrible as never to leave our memory. We learned from a wounded man, who could not speak English, that the regiment was Colonel Schenck's First Ohio, from Cincinnati.

We thought that ours was the first actual engagement of the war, but on our return to Fairfax we were informed that Big Bethel had been fought a few days before.

Leaving now these memories of the early days of the war, and coming to its closing days, I may mention some incidents of historic interest connected with Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy. It was at a great meeting in the old African church in Richmond, Virginia, that I first saw him and heard him speak. The meeting had been called to hear the report of the commissioners appointed by President Davis to confer with President Lincoln at Fortress Monroe as to possible terms of peace, and Mr. Benjamin, a commissioner, was one of the speakers. The disappointment felt at the failure of the conference was keen, and there was marked evidence of hostility on the part of some of the audience when Mr. Benjamin arose to speak. My own attitude—I was a mere youth at the time—was one of indifference, but within ten minutes after he began, his eloquence swept me off my feet. His splendid

oratory and wonderful readiness in meeting and returning with interest the attacks of his critics carried the audience with him, and for upwards of an hour kept the crowd spellbound.

I saw him once again at a time of even greater interest. In the very last days of the war as I was passing through Abbeville, in charge of a detachment guarding some of the effects of the Confederate Treasury, I saw at the beautiful home of an old friend, Mr. Burt, for a long time a member of the old Congress, the members of the Confederate Cabinet, among them Mr. Benjamin, entering it for their very last meeting. On the next day, before they reached Washington, Georgia, some forty miles away, the members of the Cabinet, escorted by General Humphrey Marshall's cavalry, began to separate, and soon the gold in charge of the cavalry disappeared. I may add that for a long time afterwards Confederate bonds were used for wrapping packages by the merchants of the village, and by the Negroes for papering the walls of their cabins.

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PARIS AFTER THE JULY DAYS

The barricades had been raised and had fallen. The efforts of the people had succeeded. Charles the Tenth was a king no longer and Paris had achieved another revolution. The hand-clasp had become the form of salutation at the Palace and the low ceremonious bow was no more. To the minds of victorious and revolutionary Paris, this could mean but one thing—absolutism and the Bourbons were gone. But what was to take their place? Alas, there was the pity of it! Constitutional Monarchists blinded by their vision of a brilliant repetition of 1688; Idéologues, those men of the Doctrine; Republicans; Radicals; and even Bonapartists believed that their day of fulfillment had come. Only the Carlists despaired. And so all laid down their arms to await what they thought must be the realization of their own fond hopes. There was the crux of the matter. They laid down their arms while from the house of Laffitte the banker instructions went out to the Deputies, who, although sadly depleted in numbers, had declared themselves the government.¹ Liberal Paris desisted and seemed oblivious of the fact that their one hope, La Fayette and the Hôtel de Ville, won by the visit of Philippe of Orleans and by the wiles of his friends, had deserted them. Meanwhile behind closed doors a new régime alien to most of their wishes was being manufactured for them. Louis Philippe was already Lieutenant-General, and Paris knew no more than that. On the first day of August he had issued to them his first proclamation. His own words were reassuring enough:—

“The deputies of France at present resident at Paris have desired that I come to the capital to exercise the functions of Lieutenant-General of the realm.

“I have not hesitated to share with you your dangers, to place myself in the midst of your heroic citizens and to do all that lies in my power to preserve you from the dangers of civil war and of anarchy. Returning to the City of Paris, I carried with pride the glorious colors which you have just resumed and which I myself have long carried.

¹ Guizot: *Memoirs*, II, p. 91.

"The chambers will soon convene and will decide on the best means to assure the reign of law and the maintenance of the rights of the nation.

"The Charter will be from this time a fact."²

So wrote the Lieutenant-General of France, so soon to become the King of France. He had referred to the colors of the Revolution. To Paris that seemed good, but Paris did not know, as Guizot knew, that in reality this Duke had the same sentiments for a republic that certain peoples of Asia had for the demon. Like them, Louis Philippe preferred to flatter rather than to combat face to face.³ But Paris did not know this. Paris as a whole did not know that some people already gave the Duke the name of Philip the Seventh.⁴ In fact, it is not surprising that Paris did not realize the truth. Parisians were blinded by the sudden brilliance of their victory.⁵ Perhaps, too, they were misled by the behavior of the new family. Marie-Amélie, Duchess of Orleans and future Queen of France, had made her entry into the city, not in the state coach, for it had been secreted away, put in a common *fiacre*. And the palace—how different it was from the days of Charles! No lackeys in gorgeous liveries at the doors. Common soldiers and volunteers in the uniform of the revived National Guard or in no uniform at all, crowded the ante-rooms and lounged on the stairways. The Duke held council seated upon a tabouret, and the Council Room was open to all.⁶ In another part of the palace, called the Pavillon de Marsan, the young Duke was preparing to welcome his painters and poets of the Latin Quarter.⁷

These were the early impressions of the new family, the royal family that was to be. But they were only surface impressions. Paris did not see below the surface until much later. Could she have seen what we know to-day, however, Paris would not have gone *en fête* for two long weeks, her theatres given over to the

² *Moniteur*, 2 August, 1830.

³ Senior: *Conversations*, I, p. 389.

⁴ *La Jeunesse Libérale*, p. 213—d'Herbelot to Montalembert—Ivry, 6 August, 1830.

⁵ Guizot: *Memoirs*, II, p. 36.

⁶ *National*, 18 June, 1831. Thureau-Dangin: *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*, I, p. 43.

⁷ Guérard: *French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century*, p. 113.

most romantic and revolutionary of plays and her streets echoing to the notes of the Marseillaise or the Parisienne.⁸ Behind closed doors a government was being effected, but it was a government of the most difficult sort. While Paris celebrated there were two active factions at work. These were the Chamber with its bourgeois leaders, and the Hôtel de Ville with La Fayette.⁹ It was upon the eager request of the one and the reluctant consent of the other that Louis of Orleans' power was based. It was to rest upon an impossible revolutionary dualism. It was impossible because neither party could long agree with the other, and because neither one held for long the support of any group of those who had carried out the revolution. The Chamber and its famous 221 soon found itself deserted by those who had attributed to it intentions that it had not assured, and La Fayette's temporizations soon lost him the confidence of his more radical associates. Under such conditions a government was organized. On August first the Lieutenant-General accepted in part Mauguin's self-created municipal commission as a provisional cabinet, and then the Chambers set to work.

At the very outset there was difficulty as to the nature of the régime to be instituted. Even its dearest friends disagreed over the monarchy that they were to create. One party advised keeping the revolution within the narrowest possible limits. This group is represented by Casimir-Périer, who remarked later:—

"The trouble with this country is that there are so many like you who imagine that there has been a revolution in France. No Sir, there has not been a revolution; there has been nothing but a change in the person at the head of the State."¹⁰

The other party sought to surround the Monarchy with republican institutions. La Fayette was the centre of this group, while its spokesman in the councils of state was Laffitte. With such

⁸Weill: *Histoire du Parti Républicain*, p. 34. Louis Blanc: *Histoire de Dix Ans*, II, p. 35.

⁹De Salvandy: *La Révolution de Juillet*, p. 226.

¹⁰Dupin: *Memoirs*, II, p. 218.

influences and such divisions the Chambers took up their task. Then it was that Paris experienced its first disillusionment. Both the Chambers seemed hopelessly weak. On the first day barely one-half of the Deputies convened and there was even a smaller representation in the Chamber of Peers.¹¹ This was the condition of the political bodies that took upon themselves the function of creating a new government. Moreover their lamentable condition lay not simply in numbers but in a total inability to take drastic action. Small wonder that the Chambers seemed to those who knew Paris well, a mere reed instead of a strong barrier protecting France from further revolution.¹² At one moment swayed by the words of the *bourgeoisie* and their new leaders, at another alarmed by the howling mob who, aroused by the "Friends of the People", challenged their mandates, the Chambers pursued their task and finally brought to France a new dynasty and a modified charter.

On August sixth, Bérard made the motion that cleared the way for Louis Philippe. Here again it was a case of compromise. In the face of revolutionary Paris the Duke dared not ascend the throne by the claim of hereditary right. As well, he had refused Charles' request to act as Regent during the minority of the young Carlist heir. But a way was found out of the difficulty. In view of the fact that Charles had absented himself, the throne was declared vacant.

On August seventh the Chambers presented Paris with another King, Louis Philippe. Elected under such circumstances and by such a questionable authority his title was precarious. But, strangely enough, Paris, even Republican Paris, seems to have thought well of it at first. The *National* declared that in accordance with its prophecies a few months earlier, 1688 had been repeated at Paris in 1830, and that all must assist and support the new government.¹³ The era of liberty was proclaimed. There were few complaints during those earliest days. Paris did not

¹¹ Guizot: *Memoirs*, II, p. 91. De Broglie: *Recollections*, II, p. 383. Thureau-Dangin: *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*, I, p. 29.

¹² *La Jeunesse Libérale*, p. 214—d'Herbelot to Montalembert—Ivry, 6 August, 1830. *Ibid.*, p. 218—d'Herbelot to Montalembert—24 August, 1830.

¹³ *National*, 30 August, 1830. *National*, 30 September, 1830.

know that Cavaignac had replied to de Hauranne, when he had complimented the Republicans on the generous sacrifice of their desires for the good of France: "You are mistaken to thank us. We only yielded because we were not strong enough. . . . Later it will be different."¹⁴ Paris had not heard and probably Paris would not have cared, for Parisians were anticipating good things from the government that King Louis had just appointed.

On August eleventh, the first Ministry of the new Monarchy was announced. Its nature merits a brief consideration. The accession of Louis Philippe had been due to a compromise, and a compromise King made for his people a compromise Ministry. It was as divided as the country. Thiers, who was at this time an observer holding at first a post on the commission for electoral reform and later attached to the Finances under Baron Louis, has left some notes written in September, 1830, in regard to the first Ministry of the Orleans Monarchy. To Thiers' mind the Cabinet was bad because it was divided between two parties, the Pronounced Left and the Left Centre. Furthermore, the leaders of the two groups were antipathetic by their very natures. Laffitte the banker, Dupont "the vulgar democrat",¹⁵ as Guizot called him, were the leaders of the Pronounced Left; Guizot, Broglie and Périer the leaders of the Left Centre.

"They are what we call *doctrinaires*. This word is without all meaning to-day, for it does not correspond to any political theory. It corresponds at most to certain conventions of society."¹⁶

Aside from the seven members with departmental positions, there were four ministers without portfolio. This, Thiers considered a bad thing.¹⁷ Broglie seems to agree with him, for he comments:—

"Four benevolent counsellors who sat with folded arms, looking at the various measures, without being responsible for anything or disposing of anybody, but who had (at any

¹⁴ Duvergier de Hauranne: *Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire*, X, p. 625.

¹⁵ Guizot: *Memoirs*, II, p. 37.

¹⁶ Thiers' Notes, September, 1830; *Bibl. Nat.*, 20, 601, Pt. II, 22.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

rate three of the four) the ear of the King and who enjoyed a breeze of popular favour."¹⁸

In such a group there was no unity, but many basic differences. Laffitte was the favorite of a group of stockbrokers and gamblers at the Bourse, all radically inclined, who crowded his drawing-room, where he played his eternal piquet. Dupont was the friend of the lawyers and petty functionaries of the Law Courts. Périer, reserved and a conservative, represented the vested interests of industrial France. Truly it was an extraordinary Cabinet for the day after a revolution. It might be able to satisfy the *bourgeoisie* and effect a temporary agreement with Laffitte and his *canaille*, but with the Extreme Left it was another matter. This was the Ministry and these were the Chambers that aroused Liberal France to the realization that the July Days had not brought forth a real revolution, and that changed Paris from a city *en fête* to something very like a city *en grève*.

Liberal Paris is generally taken to mean the Republicans or the Jacobins. But such a term cannot be applied to the Liberals of August, 1830. It would be an injustice to many Republicans and would be regarded as an insult by many of the more radical Liberals. Generally speaking, Republican Paris had accepted reluctantly and sceptically the July Monarchy. They had been disarmed by the visit of Louis Philippe to La Fayette on the day following the arrival of the Duke in Paris. True, the Hôtel de Ville faction had moved to impose upon him a constitution or to force him to call a "*Constituante*", but this had been abandoned. After Louis had shown himself amenable on the subject of an hereditary peerage the majority of the Hôtel de Ville had resigned themselves to another policy.¹⁹ They believed or asserted the belief that France was not yet ready for a Republic and devoted themselves to an effort to imprint upon the Monarchy as much of a Republican character as possible. Doubtless many of them hoped, as did Béranger, that the new Monarchy might be-

¹⁸ de Broglie: *Recollections*, II, p. 357.

¹⁹ Louis Blanc: *Histoire de Dix Ans*, I, p. 353. Thureau-Dangin: *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*, I, p. 20, footnote. Weill: *Histoire du Parti Républicain*, p. 69.

come in the end a bridge to Republicanism.²⁰ In this they were not disappointed eighteen years later. But in August, 1830, they had come to agree on two things. They made a common demand and they adopted a common method of bringing that demand to the attention of the government and of the rest of Paris. The demand was a modification of the suffrage. The method that they adopted was demonstration. This was the immediate policy of the Hôtel de Ville faction under the leadership of La Fayette, Danou and Auguste and Victorin Fabre.²¹ But it was not this section of Republican Paris that caused the new government so much anxiety during the August Days. Beneath this group of old Republicans there was a great disorganized mass of Liberals and among them was to be found the source of all trouble. Perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that, had this mass not been disorganized, the July Monarchy might well have had a very difficult time weathering the stormy month of August.

Strangely enough the leading element in this early opposition to the government was not drawn to any great extent from the lowest classes. The workers had played a preponderant part in the July Days, but they do not seem to have had much to do with the disorders of the August Days. They performed their part on July 27, and then in great majority retired to await developments. The remarks of one of their class may not be out of place here. Alphonse d'Herbelot relates that a friend bivouacked with a group of workers near Rambouillet and that one of them said to him:—

"I know indeed that from what we have done very little will come to us and that we shall still die of hunger or at the asylum. But we did it for the *patrie*, for you, I mean, who are a bourgeois and who will be the one to profit by it."²²

Perhaps this was the case; at any rate it seemed to be. Louis' Cabinet took up no immediate labor reforms, they had too much

²⁰ Tchernoff: *Le Parti Républicain sous la Monarchie de Juillet*, p. 224.

²¹ Weill: *Histoire du Parti Républicain*, p. 44.

²² *La Jeunesse Libérale*, p. 211—d'Herbelot to Montalembert—Ivry, 6 August, 1830.

else to do, although the government did allow Baron Louis, the Minister of Finances, a credit of 60,000,000 francs to meet the industrial crisis.²³

The workers of Paris continued to suffer. Industrial and commercial depression increased. Failures were frequent, and even one wealthy member of the Chamber of Deputies was forced to resign owing to financial difficulties.²⁴ Louis Blanc relates that before the Revolution the printing industry had employed about two hundred laborers. These men earned from four to six francs a day. After the Revolution the shops were closed for a fortnight. When reopened, only ten or twelve laborers were recalled. Six months later they were receiving but twenty-five to thirty sous a day.²⁵ In an effort to remedy the situation the government provided a mockery of work at the Champs de Mars.²⁶ Workers' demonstrations before the Prefecture of Police were frequent.²⁷ But the workmen were not the element that most embarrassed the government. That element will be found in what might be called the political wreckage of the Restoration.

From the old days of Louis XVIII and Richelieu, of Charles X and Polignac, there had survived a group of dreamers, idlers some and theorists. At Paris in August, 1830, there were still remnants of the Saint Simonians, Fourierists, Socialists and Communists, all of whom were thrown into a state of effervescence by the final overthrow of the Old Régime. Under a stable government they might not have been dangerous, but under the compromise rule of August, still in a most experimental stage, they became a source from which emanated a venomous political poison.²⁸ For the most part the Ultra-Liberals comprised youths, idlers, students and members of the École Polytechnique, an institution always prominent in the revolutionary movements of Paris. They were grouped around older men, former Republicans, Bonapartists and Socialists. These became political Nestors for the turbulent youth of Paris. Among them were such

²³ de Broglie: *Recollections*, II, p. 406.

²⁴ Thureau-Dangin: *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*, I, 111.

²⁵ Louis Blanc: *Histoire de Dix Ans*, I, p. 445.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, I, p. 454.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, II, p. 32.

²⁸ Guizot: *Memoirs*, II, pp. 100-101.

men as Charles Teste, who had kept a bookshop known by the significant name of *La Petite Jacobinière*; Buonarroti, once a member of the Italian Carbonari and now a professor of music; and Voyer d'Argenson. Their young followers, however, did not lack leaders and spokesmen. Among the latter were Cavaignac himself, once affiliated with the Carbonari; Trelat, a surgeon; and Raspail, an apothecary of Carpentras.²⁹ Marrast was their voice in the Press. Armand Carrel, of the *National*, later became their advocate and Garnier-Pagès their spokesman in the Chamber of Deputies. In spite of divisions Ultra-Liberal Paris agreed on certain points. Generally they advocated an attack on the entire government, the monarchy, the magistracy and the administration. Some of them even proposed in the *Tribune* what was interpreted to mean the overthrow of the existing Chamber of Deputies.³⁰ But while they agreed in general terms they disagreed on particulars. They were divided in their personal aims and in the methods by which they sought to gain their ends. Fortunate it was indeed for the new monarchy that radical Paris was so divided and opposed within itself. In August, 1830, the immediate safety of the monarchy lay in the fact that there was no generally organized opposition, but that the opposition had dissolved itself into a series of Clubs. There was the *Society of Order and Progress*. Each member must possess a rifle and cartridges. With these he was to direct the government according to the views of the Latin Quarter. "That", remarks the Prefect of Police, "would not positively guarantee progress!"³¹ Another organization was the society of the "*Condamnés Politiques*". It was composed of those who sought recompense for having troubled the social order during the Restoration. Fieschi, who in 1834 was concerned in the attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, was a member of this society. Another Club was known as the "Society Help Yourself and Heaven will Help You". Of this Garnier-Pagès was a leader.

But the most important and influential of all these organiza-

²⁹ Weill: *Histoire du Parti Républicain*, p. 49.

³⁰ *National*, 11 September, 1830.

³¹ La Hodde: *Sociétés Secrètes*, p. 32.

tions of the Paris Liberals was the well-known "Friends of the People". Here were to be found Cavaignac, Marrast, Raspail, Flocon and Blanqui. Some of these men, so active in 1830, received their political baptism of fire in July 1830 and in the August Days the affairs of the Clubs afforded them an experience that proved to be of assistance to them in 1848. Students, young men out of work, and social agitators composed its membership. This society refused to accept the concession made to the *bourgeoisie* by the Hôtel de Ville. It was distinctly Jacobin in character and aimed at the creation of a real Republican revolution. In contrast to the other Clubs the Friends of the People were practical in the methods they adopted for demonstration and for propaganda. Their headquarters were established at the Peltier Riding School on the rue Montmartre, convenient to the workers and small business men's quarters.³² Here secret meetings and an open Forum were maintained. They set up a bureau of propaganda that arranged for public demonstrations on convenient occasions, and that arranged for the distribution of pamphlets and publications. Soon the Club had established affiliations in Belgium and Poland.³³ The society possessed as well a newspaper, the *Tribune*. It was this society that organized the greatest demonstrations of the early August Days. Under its direction, on August 4th three thousand men marched to the Chambers to demand that the Deputies resign their mandates, and to call for new elections. Only the almost pitiful pleadings of La Fayette and Benjamin Constant persuaded them to disperse. On the following day the Friends attempted a similar demonstration before the Peers, as a protest against an hereditary peerage, but the attempt was not successful. On this occasion their leaders, Hubert, President, and Thierry, Secretary, were finally called before the police, but they refused to appear.³⁴

These early demonstrations, however, were not the most serious of their activities. Had the society confined itself to its own

³² de Broglie: *Recollections*, II, p. 409.

³³ La Hodde: *Sociétés Secrètes*, p. 35.

³⁴ de Broglie: *Recollections*, II, p. 469 ff. La Hodde: *Sociétés Secrètes*, pp. 38, 39.

organization it would not have become so serious a source of embarrassment to the government. But located as it was so conveniently near the workers, its members soon began to pose as protectors of the unrewarded element of Paris. They demanded for their new protégés political rights and the betterment of their material condition. The government may indeed have devoted itself exclusively to bourgeois interests, but the methods employed by the Clubs were not of the sort to gain the sympathy of the government councils. As had been the case in England, protests were organized against the introduction of machinery. Demands were made for the substitution of manual for mechanical labor. Mechanical innovations were declared to be the root of all the evil. The workers were told that the Capitalists were flourishing. In reality many of them were penniless, due to the general stagnation of industry that followed immediately upon the July Days.³⁵ This latter was a condition for which some hold the Clubs themselves responsible. Demonstrations and riots were the order of the day. There were riots of the printers, the bakers, the locksmiths and the farriers. In some places the factories were broken into and the machines destroyed. At last the "Friends" outdid themselves. Placards were printed demanding the overthrow of the Chambers. Then the government had to act, but even then its action was weak. The placards were seized and the printer, together with the officers of the society, were condemned to three months' imprisonment and three hundred francs fine.³⁶ The Club was forcibly disbanded, but it would revive before long.

The responsibility for such action must rest on Guizot, who was ably supported by Dupin.³⁷ Even so little, however, was not accomplished without arousing considerable discussion in ministerial circles. For even in the heart of the government the forces for conservative policy and order encountered opposition. Périer and Broglie supported Guizot, but Laffitte and Dupont de l'Eure were violently opposed.³⁸ These representa-

³⁵ *National*, 3 September, 1830. ³⁶ de Broglie: *Recollections*, II, p. 410.

³⁷ Guizot: *Memoirs*, p. II, 105; *Ibid.*, II, p. 107.

³⁸ *Thiers' Notes*, September, 1830; *Bibl. Nat.*, 20, 601, Pt. II, 22.

tives of the Pronounced Left could not forget the fact that Liberal Paris had done so much to make the "glorious week of July" successful. In view of such a division all that the government was able to do was to fine the leaders and bring about a temporary suspension of the Clubs.

While this was going on, what of the Quartier St. Germain, the Carlists? Little can be said of them, for little is known of them in the August Days. Benjamin Constant had reassured Marie-Amélie by telling her that he had not laid eyes on any of them during those last days.³⁹ But one cannot assume that they were entirely inactive. Withdrawn into their salons, they watched the chaos of Paris and may with a certain amount of reason have believed that they beheld in Paris of the August Days their own chance. One observer of the time writes to a friend these significant words:—

"Since 1789 this party has always pushed towards anarchy in the hope of bringing about disorder. . . . What will help them to-day is the silent support of nearly all the subsidiary officials in the various departments of the government. Except for the prefectures the positions are still in the hands of men who were the appointees of Monsieur de Polignac."⁴⁰

The August Days were days of silent intrigue in Paris. The city had become a prey to a thousand hopes and aspirations. In the face of such a situation the government could do but little. Its councils were divided and what should have been its coercive forces were unable to exercise their functions. Recalling the situation at a later time Barrot said:—

"It was no longer possible to place a gendarme in the streets. We were obliged to disguise the gendarmerie of Paris under another name and with another uniform. We were even forced to replace the shakos of the department police by the grenadier's cap. When we dared send out patrols of the line troops we could do so only by placing them in the van of a detachment of the National Guard."⁴¹

³⁹ Thureau-Dangin: *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*, I, p. 92.

⁴⁰ *La Jeunesse Libérale*, p. 221—d'Herbelot to Montalembert—24 August, 1830.

⁴¹ B. Sarrans: *Louis Philippe et la Contre-Révolution*, II, p. 25.

This in part is the picture of Paris immediately following the July Revolution. A compromise king at its head who had not yet shown himself to the people and who had no definite internal policy, a divided ministry, a mutilated, weakened legislative and a population torn between the support of the vested interests and the reluctant acceptance of the Hôtel de Ville and the desires of Bonapartists, Legitimists and the Clubs. A definite policy even of repression might have averted many of the dangers and the final disaster that came. But the month of August set the seal of Fate upon the policy of the July favorite and his unhappy family. The disintegrating and disorganizing elements of France were allowed to survive, and their survival accounts in part for the stormy years and final catastrophe that Cavaignac had foreseen eighteen years earlier.

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NOVEMBER FOG ON A LANCASHIRE MOOR

(AN IMPRESSION IN OUTLINE)

I

Beneath the outraged clouds, this moor has wept
Since noon—in yellow and unlovely mist—
Over blank desolation; for even here
Redoubled winter lowers. Those vomiting shafts
Again make dark the drabbed wilderness
Where I have seen, sometimes, lost summer hiding
Half-shamed, on holidays, when cleansing wind
Persuaded the bedstraw and the ling to bloom,
And set lone harebells fluttering in the grass.
Then I was glad, if only for an hour;
But now, when needles of this tainted rain
Pierce into a mind that is not yet a waste,
My heart is bitter and will not be cheered.
The blue flowers and the white are dead, that laughed
Awhile at smoke, when August's fiery breath
Inspired this desert to forget a grief
That never passes. Little, purple songs
That summer wrote upon the sandy ground,
And the bees chanted, have been blotted out,
Even as rainbowed dreams that once I dreamt,
When I was primed with hope and pride in life.

II

The land is in mourning. From that once green vale
Comes up—as from a hushed volcano's mouth—
As tinging reek: from this my fancy shapes
Sad, wandering spirits of the purblind men
Whose grimed memorials slant in hideous clay
Shunned by all herbage,—souls of greedy folk
Who shamed their meadows, woods and harvest-lands
With refuse, and with foulness made their brooks
Run black, and hung dark curtains in the sky.

III

I think of those who prematurely passed
Death's gateway, victims of the very poisons
Themselves distilled, and feel that they are near!
For even as a timid child suspects
At night some shadowy shape, thus I devise
The presence of imaginary things.
Unquiet and invisible forms, that move
In screening vapor, seem to touch my face
With fingers cold as midnight icicles:
Sad souls are these; but, haply, they are now
Less grieved because the sullen day has hid
Their handiwork; and the accusing wastes,
Once pastures and cornfields, are thus lost in mist,—
Because the sky, which Man may not destroy,
Effaces awhile the ruin that they made.

IV

Miserable this mirk; but, in that sooty vale,
Gloom becomes horror, doubly tenebrous!
Perhaps to get a little nearer heaven,
Such phantoms seek this upland solitude:
For at midnight none might have read the words
Upon their tombstones, which proclaim them saints
In the bleak garths that hold no buried sinners.
Deluded by the fog, a lonely bird
Has made their endless grief articulate:
Stabbing the mist with one insistent note
Of startling, plaintive shrillness, it disturbs
The hush which dead men maybe strive to break.

V

If, veritably, a disembodied folk
Could haunt this moor, what misery were theirs!
The birthrights which their bondswomen forewent
They would remember, and the privileges

Surrendered by their men-slaves, and the deaths
Of sickly babes who never knew delight.
Well might they be disconsolate—those who stripped
Their lands of beauty, to make monstrous altars
Unto a ruthless god; and lit great fires
Thereon, from which the dark thank-offerings
Spewed a continual insult in the face
Of the Creator of the woods and fields!

VI

The ghostly light is failing; sickly gorse,
Rusty and soot-encrusted, drips despair.
Like to an old and dying laborer,
Who gasps for breath below, in that black vale,—
Deserted by his kindred—this poor tree
Confronts me. Many springs have tried to make
Its branches glad with blossom, but in vain:
Now, overpowered by dark vicissitudes,
Pathetic in its utter loneliness,
The last survivor of a poisoned wood
Strives in the mist to hide its cankered shame.

VII

Where nature's protest fills the heart with shame,
My forefathers, who live in me, revolt
At such a desecration of bright things.
I feel the silent loathing and the censure
Of the plague-struck earth; the deep and withering scorn
Of skies obscured; the wrath of sullied winds;
The anger of waters scummed with bitterness.
Do these preventable horrors testify
To human greatness? Man is only great
When joy, as tenant, holds a moiety
Of the receptive mind that welcomes it;
And happiness may only move such mind
When active mid the things that make for joy.
Here, in an overawing quietude,

With shrinking nerves and frozen heart, I face
The insulted earth and sky, and ask of them
Forgiveness for the errors of mankind.
If, blent with mine, are words from soundless lips
Of those whose follies greedier men transcend,
Such are most fitting to the sombre time:
Yet I hear nothing: silent is the moment
As the hushed ending of some tragedy.
But, in this twilight, a still voice repeats
Old maxims of the wise, who knew and said
That the first duty of all earthly creatures
Is to be worthy of life's glorious gifts—
To be strong and sane and noble in the sight
Of unseen eyes for ever vigilant.

VIII

A wiser generation saw from here
A land that lit bright visions in the mind:
No lovelier valley ever welcomed day
Than that which lies below me: it was richer
Than now it is, with all its blatant wealth,
When blest with pastoral simplicity.
Once, in a beautiful, forgotten peace,
Its spires were proud in unpolluted air;
Its gardens nourished tender-petalled flowers,
And there was lustre in its people's eyes:
Betokening health and quiet happiness.
But now, where beauty was not shy of old,
Lives are misspent in hideous desolation:
Great chimneys of a hundred factories,
Ash-heaps and grassless fields and rotting trees
Border a river that is blue no more.
The blackened churches stand amid old tombs,
Past which, in daytime, sullen factory folk
Haste to their slighted labors, and by night
To such false joys as harm them more than toil.
To them Spring seems a dismal mockery,

And Summer half a torture: Autumn yields
No beauty to their hearts, and Winter comes
Before the count of Autumn days is told:
For Winter here lays hands upon the Summer
And violates the sanctity of Spring.

IX

A noble singer, who too quickly joined
The silent company of the masters, praised
The wonders wrought by Man. In flaming verse
He gloried in the human mind and found—
In regions where machines are now accounted
Of greater import than the lives they take—
Beauty that is but seldom manifest,
Even to a poet's hawk-like scrutiny.
He chanted labor's loveliness; the pride
Of spreading capitals, and growing burghs,
And all Protean forms of industry.
He sang of spindles humming in moist air;
Of clacking looms, of dye-vats and the forges
That redden midnight with a spurious dawn.
To him all incandescent ores were bright
With an unearthly splendor, and he saw
Upon the iridescence of wet roads
Sublimity in their chameleon hues.
He praised the streets, where lighted tram-cars moved
His heart to sudden music, and from smoke
Of travelling engines he could shape a song.
But in such nightmare mist he would have sickened
And, shuddering at the thought of forfeit joy,
Have pitied our workers lost in night. For here
There is no charm to make poetic founts
Ebullient: in this utter hopelessness
What trustful eyes could see the distant goal
Of effort shining? What proud ode to toil
Could be created in such darkness, where
Thought rises bloomless and unseeded fades?

Verhaeren never strayed into a region
Where midnight takes the place of high noon,
But, halting at the frontier of grief,
And looking back, he sang of what should be,
But is not, here—if it be anywhere.

X

Nigh lost on sooty moorland, where the sound
Of factory-wheels still echoes in my ears,
A surge of sorrow breaks on me: I feel
The grief of mothers for untimely deaths
Of infants; and that common discontent,
Which has nor valid hope nor worthy purpose,
Makes me its victim here, in this grey hour.
Blindly, in sorry impotence, I rage
Amid this fog, like some snared animal
That maims itself so that it may escape.
I know the ways that lead from wretchedness
To bliss, but what of those who cannot see
Even one muddy path, that ends at last
In some drear refuge, where life's disillusioned
Nod to each other in a grey content?

XI

What is the lasting good that Man derives
From hateful yet inevitable toil?
What is the destiny of those who lack
Rich sunlight for the mind and for the body,
To make their children strong and beautiful?
Moved to dull work by force inexorable—
And nowise glad or proud—misguided folk
In mutinous armies, live insufferably:
Existence mocks them in their prison-houses—
Where they hold out their grimy hands to Death,
Beckoning him on,—where, daring Death, they stand
Among their withered visions. Their dim eyes
Are never brightened by the soft caress

Of blue horizons, and they rarely know
Those moments of pure magic that make life
Delicious. They may have wistful dreams
When heaven seems near them in a cheerful sunset,
But apprehensions of redeeming light—
Such certainties as make life tolerable—
They do not feel. From that vast energy
So grudgingly put forth—from that fierce stress
Of undistinguished strife, which is to them
Destructive even as war, and yet bestows
No glorious lustre on the combatants—
What durable boon for Man is issuing?
Few feel the deep, creative bliss that thrilled
The ancient craftsman, who, in calm content,
Made lasting beauty in the thing he shaped—
Putting his faith therein, his hopes, his mirth,
And something of his soul's serenity—
Who with Ictinus and with Pheidias worked
And, moved by pride and pleasure, nobly built
The wonders of Athena's Parthenon!
If ugliness be wrought, then he who shapes
The sorry thing reflects its ugliness,
And suffers from it. Here, ignoble hopes
Impel the workman's hammer, and his hands
Move not to any music of the brain.
Joy is life's purpose: what but joy should be
The steady inspiration of all crafts?
Midnight of soul hangs over men where night
Encroaches thus on the domain of day,
On hope and effort pressing sullenly,
Until they fail. The spirit, in such gloom,
Refuses to fulfil its task: it sickens
Where the bright sun is but a make-believe;
Where color, that might quicken thought, and ease
Unhappy hearts with sovereign lenitive,
Is banished with the sunshine whence it springs;
Where intellects rare and fine may not diffuse

Their wholesome light and quickening influence,
Save meagrely, in words misunderstood,
And life must move according to the will
Of a preponderance of ignoble minds!

XII

Below me now a monstrous crucible fumes,
Wherein men's thoughts are furnaced every day;
Though hidden, it is all too visible here:
I know the pennons of reek, the plumes of steam,
The lurid flames that, flickering in the fog,
Image the vain ambitions of its makers.
From stress of forces badly disciplined
Something emerges: is there beauty in it?
Is there an unsuspected loveliness
Latent within that darkness—some bright gift
Incalculable, that is developing
For overburdened, vexed humanity?
What diamond of eternal lustre hides
In cinders of wasted effort—in the slag
Of youth burnt up too soon? . . . It is but iron—
A thing that rusts—which yonder crucible
Spouts from the ashes of extinguished dreams!
The priceless and enduring prize we seek
Alas, alas! has never yet been formed!

XIII

The phantoms fade in sudden, stealthy wind
Timorously moving the unwilling mist:
The yellow gloom is silvering and at last
More real seems the semblance of the world.
The bird still calls, but with a note less plaintive
And less insistent: now, far off, it cries,
And makes a chord of memory vibrate.
Though each horizon has withheld its charm,—
Being wrapped in darkness—I leap over them
Into the sunshine, into blue-bright air.

Athwart black towns, plague-stricken by the fog,
Across a smothered sea, I hasten south
Into a warm and crystal atmosphere
Of marvellous distances. Therein I find
The light that lies on unpolluted land.
From ruined splendors of forgotten temples
New fanes as noble often have been built,
Thus now, from thoughts of vanished loveliness,
A lovely vision slowly shapes itself.
I feel the South alive in me, and see
Long lines of cloud-plumed, rose-red waterfowl
Well-mirrored in a quiet, Spanish stream:
These preen themselves. A gem-like air uplifts
That part of me which has been given the freedom
Of space and of all lands of earth, to make
A dreary life more sufferable. Once more
November shows itself in seemly robe,
Where a benignant winter has the spring's
Sweet semblance, and a beauty most serene.
I am invigorated and charmed and cheered
By richest colors, while, magnificently,
The sun moves towards his bed, and the river takes
His image as a languid heart takes music
Played slowly and sweetly with the touch of love.
Snipe rise and call, and with a cheerful cry:
New-burnished mallards and tall, pensive cranes,
Rare ibis and the piebald avoset
People the pools, and drowse upon the grass
In harmony. The far-off, purple hills
Uplift in azure air their snowy summits
Proudly, as if they were celestial towers.
No vapor rises from the sweet, wide marsh
To hide or mar its beautiful completeness,
No alien sound disturbs the glorious rhythm
Of the last stanzas in the poem of day.
I see sleek horses, and great, clambering vines
Crimson and brown upon a lowly roof,

And a maize-stubble and a herd of goats.
It is a sudden glimpse of an earthly heaven;
For heaven surrounds the sunburnt laborer,
Who, standing by his hut of reeds, looks down
Upon his child, and sees clear happiness
In her half-eastern eyes, and hears the song
His wife is singing. Her Madonna-face
Is lit by the westering sun : her deep content
Is heightened by its glory. Naught disturbs
The idyllic joy, some part of which I grasp
And hide within me for perpetual comfort.

XIV

How strange it is, that oriental tune
Now echoing in me, on this dreary moor,
Above that half-a-hell which, there below,
Is fuming! Sweet are such remembered sounds
Heard in sad silence! We may often hearken
To music of a distant Paradise,
Even when near some pit of Acheron!

XV

The slaves of Greece at least had air and sunshine,
But where all men are free, and more than free,
Both rich and poor must suffer more than slaves
For lack of these. In our short-sightedness
We punish beauty, and the punishment
Comes back upon ourselves with doubled weight.
Dismayed, we view our evil handiwork,
Wondering, at whiles, if this drear land could be
Refurbished till it show some hint of Eden.
We but surmise; our thoughts are effortless!
Those who would brave great angers stand constrained
And timid where they face indifference!
Good men lack deep conviction, and the bad
Are full of passionate intensity.
We sicken to death and watch our kindred dying

In dull despair. We suffer poisonous things—
Encouraged by neglect—to grow and seed;
Increasing thus our needless miseries.
Some few revolt and shout their mutiny
Upon the housetops, calling to the deaf;
But mostly those who know that charms of light
Are worth the seeking—and the less fortunate,
Who seldom feel the sun's transforming touch—
With clouded intellects, and in lassitude,
Receive their endless chastisements of smoke,
Making no protest. But, since Man first made
Deliberately his own strong manacles,
How few, in any age, have dared to work
For vital light, unheeded and reviled
Midst shameful follies and barbarities!

XVI

Brightness increases. Does that swelling cloud,
Which now at last throws off its sombreness
In quickening wind, and sails imbued with fire,
Prefigure a new light of human thought?
As lovely as my vision, there it speeds
In faint, blue sky, that generously asserts
Its right to bless the earth. (That masterpiece
Of this day's short, redemptive afternoon
Might well have been created by the wishes
Of multitudes of miserable folk.)
Here, where the nights are fairer than the days,
And stars give comfort oftener than the sun,
The Milky Way will soon be over-arching
The sleeping toilers in that hapless vale.
Innumerable, beyond all great conceptions,
The close-packed suns which form that smoke of stars,
Each with invisible and attendant orbs:
These, far withdrawn in mysteries of space—
Set in a stern and glacial fixity
Of silence, in which move the puerile hopes,

Chagrins, ambitions, sorrows and despairs
Of men enveloped by the vast Unknown—
Cause me to wonder whether, in the worlds
That roll on lonely highways of the stars
Beyond thought's limit—seeds of giant suns—
There live strange creatures, also sprung from fire
And of our semblance, caught as we are caught
In meshes of self-woven misery?
There may be such, but Man may never know
What other worlds there are as full as his
Of satisfying beauty and of richness,
Within the confines of the Almighty's realm;
Nor where they have their orbits, nor what shapes
Of animate things inhabit them. Can we
Attain to knowledge of the many gods,
Who have the Omnipotent for Suzerain,
And take all blessings from His generous hand?

In the far spirals, islanded in space,
Systems on systems in the dark extend:
None can reveal their secrets; none can read
The great enigma that we see outspread
About the pathways of eternal light.
But we can learn the language of our clouds,
The speech of seas and woodland idioms;
And, knowing them, acquire their purity.
Here a most lovely cloud new wind has shaped
Delivers a message which my heart receives:
It tells me that yon valley will be cleansed,
Even as this moor, now freed from acrid mist.
A comforting assurance of new beauty
Transforms my anger into hope. Ere Time
Records the griefs of many centuries,
Our smoky moors and vales will be transformed
And Nature will triumph in this land again.
Wild flowers will be less shy, and grass more bright
In fields now darkened; woods will grow apace

Where song-birds now are scarce and taciturn.
The pure cloud tells me that our blackened streams
Will be well flushed with bounty of sweet rain
Long ere the sun tires of his task—that trout
Will leap in them again, when the early star
First streaks the water, and that shining salmon
Will bend themselves like bows above the weirs,
Hurrying to some ancient spawning-place.
From devastating shocks our bodies and souls
At whiles recover, though, like cankered trees,
Too often they perish in untimely wise.
But always the unjustly punished earth
Restores itself. We may annihilate
The bracken and gorse in winter, and burn down
Some fir-wood's ruddy columns, but the waste,
Undaunted, irrepressibly, will soon
Grow green again. With quick, bright certainty,
Its singing hopes will rise into the air
In shapes of little, never-silent pines.

XVII

Implanted in us ineradicably
Is this desire—the welfare of mankind!
The wise mind never craves impossible things.
Are those unwise whose chief desires are light,
And sweet, sustaining air, and wholesome joys?
These are our birthrights, and in claiming them,
We seek new wisdom which these blessings bring.
Such great transforming boons will one day bless
That shapely vale whose breath is now a curse—
But only when the evils that we make
Are blown away in dust about the world—
When froward minds are purged, as is the sky
So lately dimmed. . . . Ah, will it dawn on me,
That blue to-morrow—still so far away—
And with the joy which is tranquillity?

ROWLAND THIRLMERE.

London, England.

BROWNING'S ACCOUNT WITH TRAGEDY

More than most terms is tragedy a word apart, having neither antonym nor synonym. In its technical usage as a form of drama it has an accepted antithesis in comedy, but the two are neither mutually exclusive nor in conjunction all-inclusive. In its broader sense as a phase of life it has so close a kinship with pathos that one is frequently mistaken for the other. This confusion is due, however, more to our carelessness than to their resemblance, for in so far as it is true that men must work, and fight, and women must weep, pathos is the feminine of tragedy.

In an effort at a definition we may judge from centuries of dramatic practice and from observation of the life this practice reflects that tragedy differs from comedy on the one hand by depicting the dark rather than the bright side of the orb of experience, and, on the other hand, from pathos by including the element of conflict. The spectacle of dumb, driven human cattle of sodden wretchedness, of dull chronic misery, even the wrongs of injustice and the horrors of cruelty, may be sad and utterly depressing, but it is not tragic unless the suffering is vitalized by some revolt or aspiration whereby our interest is focussed on a struggle and our sympathies enlisted for the combatant. The essence then of the tragic is conflict leading to catastrophe, with the triumph on the wrong side. Since the wrong side is the one to which we are antagonistic, and the right that which commands our approval, it is largely a subjective affair, one man's tragedy being often another man's farce.

It is subjective likewise in that not the disaster but the reaction to it is paramount. Since it is not misfortune but grief over misfortune that hurts, it is a rebellious and striving grief that makes the hurt tragic.

This personal aspect of tragedy, together with the change it has undergone in the mind and estimation of humanity, gives to such a study as this whatever justification and significance it may have. Its object is the discovery of Browning's idea of tragedy, and the relation of his conception to that of his time and of our own.

The identification of tragedy with loss presupposes something to lose. Formerly its intensity was accounted as in direct ratio to the social importance of the characters concerned and the greatness of the ruin that befell. Its theme was the reversal of fortune, as says Chaucer's Monk:—

"The harm of hem that stode in heigh degree,
And fillen so that ther nas no remedie
To bringe hem out of hir adversitee."

By the nineteenth century the thoughts of men had widened sufficiently to include in the scope of the tragic the sorrows of proletariat as well as aristocracy, demanding only a certain force of personality and an upstanding soul. With this broadening of social boundaries came a shifting of emphasis from the moral to the scientific, and a permeating of interest through the external to the internal. This made loss of character, the subjection or disintegration of a nature of fine promise, seem more poignant than loss of possessions, position, or life itself. And it induced a recognition of the law of cause and effect, a zest in penetrating to the reason for failure, and a tendency to rely on this analysis rather than on pious moralizing for the philosophic solution of the problem.

Browning's poems, nearly two hundred and fifty in number, vary in length from four lines to over twenty thousand, so that any numerical estimate based on a roster of poems would be if somewhat capricious yet fairly expressive. By this method of counting, about fifty per cent. would not be included in the classification at all, being purely reflective or narratives emotionally colorless. Of the other half, about ten per cent. stands at the happy extreme, being entirely joyous or completely serene or recording an unsullied triumph. Less than that marks the other extreme, of genuine tragedy, but as this includes *The Ring and the Book*, in itself about one-fifth of the total quantity, it far overbalances the other in actual amount. Between these concentrated ends are various mixtures, tales of minor ills and precarious situations, tones of discouragement and bitter resignation.

In plenty of the dark-side poems is found the item of loss, chiefly of life or happiness or both, but few indeed celebrate

the conflict that lifts loss into tragedy. "I was ever a fighter, so one fight more!" And in Browning's vigorous repudiation of inertia conveyed through the piquantly sorrowful story of Duke Ferdinand and the Lady Riccardi he declared:—

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be what it will!"

✓ But the imaginative poet was as capable of romancing about himself as about his fictitious characters. No man of his contentious day and generation was less of a fighter than he—he merely mistook the ebullient expenditure of his dynamic energy for fighting—and for all his exhortation no man was less concerned with the militant phase of mortal life.

✓ That he had no crystallized conception of the tragic is shown by the inaccuracy of his language in the titles of his own poems. *The Heretic's Tragedy* is an almost facetious description of a martyrdom. *A Soul's Tragedy* is an account of a demagogue whose elaborate, though accidentally started, intrigue miscarried. But since from the beginning he was an impoverished and cynical adventurer, he had nothing to lose, in possessions, happiness, or character.

✓ *King Victor and King Charles*, too, is styled "a tragedy", but it reveals no real loss of any kind. The demise of the wily old schemer after his last selfish wish had been granted could hardly be called loss of life, for many and evil had been his days, and he was ripe in years and incompetent villainy. To pass away gratified and by the instantaneous and painless method of ceasing to breathe was as fortunate a thing for him as for the others. The temporary grief suffered by the youthful king over his suspicion of the loyalty of his wife, at that a political not a personal matter, and only a figment of his inflamed imagination, could not be cited as loss of happiness. Loss of character does not occur, for by the final ✓neat manipulation of Providence the sinner is enabled to die impenitent and satisfied, and the good to live on powerful and prosperous, eternally comforted by the consciousness of having been kind and noble without having had to pay the penalty for facile kindness and dubious nobility; a denatured altruism seldom permitted in real life.

Nor is struggle portrayed, except in the effort of the young king to repair the damage wrought by the old, and that was exhilarating in itself and crowned with success. Yet the situation was charged with potential tragedy. If Charles had been suppressed all his life and his latent ability never brought into play, the State would have been the loser as well as himself; his case would have resembled Sordello's in effect, although from a different cause. If, having ambition and opportunity, he had been unequal to the responsibility accidentally bestowed, there would have been the tragic discrepancy between the vision of the goal and the power to reach it that has so often caused the keenest anguish. If his childish distrust had really alienated the wise and devoted Polyxena, ironic wrecking of happiness would have ensued. If his beneficent legislation had proved fruitless and unappreciated, if the rascal D'Ormea had triumphed, if Charles had loved Victor as Strafford loved the other Charles, and had thus been hurt by his ingratitude, if fate had taken his gesture of renunciation seriously and made him see it through, if his sense of civic duty had been stronger than his filial sentiment and forced him to immolate his benevolent impulse, there would have been more point to his pensive prognostication:—

"I might have seen much cause
For keeping it—too easily seen cause!
But from that moment, e'en more woefully
My life had pined away, then pine it will."

But the happy ending leaves no woeful pining for anyone, except possibly the shelved minister, and he was too astute and cynical to waste much time in so passive a manner.

Of the near tragic there are several other instances. All of the four episodes in *Pippa Passes* depict trouble and suffering; the true state of affairs among "Asolo's four happiest ones". *The Inn Album* is a case of retribution in which the wrongdoer pays with life, and the wronged doubly, by violent death after years of misery, a fate similar to that of Pompilia, and of the wife in *A Forgiveness*. This latter also resembles *In a Balcony* in showing an error in judgment penalized as heavily as intentional injury. *Martin Relph* is a study in lifelong remorse

for fatal inaction, in far darker vein than *The Statue and the Bust*, and *Youth and Art*.

✓ Browning's excursions into tragedy were not only few but far between, in that they were scattered over more than forty years of his productive period. They include five of his ten dramas, not counting the transcriptions from the Greek, three narrative poems, and his great epic.

Two of the tales belong to his later and inferior vintage, and have a strong melodramatic flavor. Ivan Ivanovitch (in the poem of that name), the town carpenter, makes of himself an instrument of divine justice and cuts off the head of Dmitri's wife because, while driving through the Russian forest in winter with her four children, she had allowed them all to be devoured by the attacking wolves instead of offering up herself a living sacrifice in an attempt to secure safety for them. Tried by a local council for murder, Ivan is acquitted on the ground that his deed was justifiable capital punishment. The tragic crux is not his but the poor woman's, of whom was required a prompt unflinching courage that could not be summoned by will, yet the absence of which could not be excused. The mental agony she endured was undoubtedly the equivalent of the physical agony she staved off, only to suffer a more merciful form of death at the last.

In *Red Cotton Nightcap Country* also the struggle was internal more than external. The "Castilian blind blood" of Miranda furnished the religious fervor that made him a tool of his unscrupulous interfering relatives, and allowed him to be conquered by them because the fanaticism in him conquered the "French and critical and cold". With him as with the unhappy Druse leader,—

"Such mixture makes a battle in the brain,
Ending as faith or doubt gets uppermost."

Under this baleful influence the badgered Miranda burns both hands off in a vain attempt to purge his soul of what his family has denounced as sin, bequeathes to this same interested family the bulk of his fortune, contributes the rest of it to the Church as the price for the continued indulgence in the forbidden love which survived even his passionate purgation, and finally ends

his maimed life by jumping from a tower as a test to see if the angels would bear him up, only to land on the turf, dead, by way of receiving a negative reply.

Sordello is another account of an inner conflict ending in death because of too great strain, yet it is scarcely a tragic affair. Aside from the key of minor mockery in which it is pitched, there is a certain tone of agnostic dubiety that takes the zest out of the problem. The choice placed before *Sordello* was not quite the simple one of being a self-indulgent aristocratic Ghibelline or a crusading democratic Guelph, for there was the haunting suspicion that the latter had no monopoly of virtue, and that the specious altruism of the hard path was no higher than the frank egoism of the easy. Nor was it quiet the uncomplicated matter of making a man out of an artistic temperament—the theme so vividly expressed in Masfield's *Dauber*—for, in *Sordello*'s case the stamina of manhood was lacking. It was not that the thing asked was too hard; it was merely too hard for him. He did not die of effort but of indecision, sheer inability to make the effort. Of a more modern poet Stevenson observed that "he died of being Robert Burns". True, but his death had also an adequate physiological cause. The Mantuan poet did have a real existence and no doubt died a credible death, but Browning's version of him deigns no further detail than the implication that he died of being *Sordello*. The loss, says his poetic biographer, was to the world—

"what he should have been,
Could be, and was not,—we suffer at this day
Because of."

It is, however, too remote and inconsequential a loss to be tragic, and no other is emphasized.

✓*The Ring and the Book* is in form a compromise between the narrative and the dramatic, and in substance it is as thoroughly tragic as anything of Browning's. The injury wrought by the commercial marriage imposed by parents in power upon helpless daughters—for sons have a degree of independence in the matter—is common enough in literature as in life, but nowhere is there a more poignant presentation of it than in the case

of Pompilia Comparini, bartered at thirteen years of age by her ambitious but really well-meaning mother to Count Guido Franceschini, ugly in appearance and disposition, with nothing but forty-six misspent years to his credit, except the assets alluring enough to the bourgeoisie, a title and a palace in Arezzo. The shrewd Violante and the enterprising Paolo plan for child and brother the secret ceremony, assented to by the sullen groom for the sake of the dowry that is to replenish his barren coffers, and acquiesced in by the trustful little bride,—

“ Who all the while had borne, from first to last,
As brisk a part i' the bargain, as yon lamb,
Brought forth from the basket and set out for sale,
Bears while they chaffer, wary market-man
And voluble housewife, o'er it—each in turn
Patting the curly calm unconscious head,
With the shambles ready round the corner there,
When the talk's talked out and a bargain struck.”

All this, together with her subsequent suffering, a prolonged combination of physical agony, mental bewilderment, and the emotional stress of loneliness, fear, and grief, would yet remain on the plane of pathos were the victim as unresisting as an Iphigenia or a Desdemona. But Pompilia, led into the trap in childish ignorance, fights her way out with the resourcefulness of maturity. Pushed back again and again by those who owed her a helping hand, she finally achieves the little she asks, release for herself and safety for her child. And then, deprived of life, and that by a foul and most unnatural murder, just as life was beginning to be worth living, the seventeen-year-old Countess Franceschini is made to finish her full cup of bitterness, without, however, becoming thereby embittered.

Undeserved punishment falls upon the father, old Pietro; upon Violante, for there was no malice in her manipulations; and upon the four young laborers from the Franceschini estate. Poetic and legal justice is meted out to Count Guido and in varying degrees to his entire family. Loss of life comes to all, except brother Paolo, whom retribution touched rather lightly, and Caponsacchi, to whom such loss would have been a blessing, as the doom of continued dreary living was the real bane.

✓ In his five tragic dramas Browning has made his contribution to tragedy in the narrower, more technical sense. Like all his dealings with this side of life, they are relative; and in relative order, from the most diluted to the most concentrated, would seem to rank as follows: *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, *In a Balcony*, *The Return of the Druses*, *Luria*, and *Strafford*.

There is much pathos in the story of a 'scutcheon so dazzling in its purity, the object of so high a devotion and cherishing pride, smirched by a blot in itself quite sweet and fair, so pure indeed that it might have remained invisible and caused no real injury by its presence. But there is barely enough conflict to put it in the tragic class.

The efforts of the youthful culprits, Mildred and Mertoun, to extricate themselves from the unseemly position into which they had drifted unaware were too deliberate and too promptly successful to be called struggles. On the contrary, it was from lack of self-resistance, from failure to impose upon themselves a temporary renunciation, that the calamity already practically averted was precipitated. It was the one more meeting, planned after the clandestine rendezvous was no longer necessary, that spelled disaster, together with the girl's previous stubborn refusal to be candid when candor would have helped.

But although the young lovers lose happiness and life, Lord Tresham is the tragic character, for his towering pride must struggle against the crushing blow to family honor, his tender fraternal love against overwhelming dismay and bitter contempt, and he is driven to murder in haste and repent at leisure, although he shortens the term of repentance by a swift suicide that did the double service of absolving his crime and making a quietus to his outraged feelings.

The ambiguous ending of *In a Balcony* leaves us in doubt as to the extent of the tragedy, but whether the queen dies of a broken heart, or the two innocent plotters—for such they are—are sacrificed to her betrayed affection and revulsion to wrath, the havoc wrought by the stratagem of which Constance was so proud and which proved so fatal, has its plenitude of agony. Browning has portrayed nothing more painful than the helpless, dazed bewilderment of the lover who has followed faithfully,

though reluctantly, the instructions he distrusted, only to have the ironic satisfaction (never uttered, however) of knowing that his own straightforward policy would have been safe and successful, and that by the gratuitous manœuvre of the woman he loved nobly and obeyed implicitly the happiness of all three was irretrievably wrecked. And nowhere is there a more pitiful spectacle than that of the queen, who, without being vain or credulous accepts in simple good faith the love that seemed a miracle, too good to be true yet astonishingly the truth. The immediate quenching of this new-created ecstasy, this self-revealing confidence turned back on itself in the double bitterness of loss and humiliation, produced an exquisite torture, and that with a total lack of compensation unusual in Browning's interpretation of life. His veracity here is offset, however, by his romanticism toward Constance, whom he permits to accomplish a huge and wanton mess and die blissfully, if she does die, in the midst of it. But the whole disaster came as an earthquake, so quickly that there was no time for more than a gathering of forces for resistance; a flash of horror, a sudden shattering of beautiful structures, and all is over.

The Return of the Druses is tragic mainly by virtue of Anael, who risks, does, and loses all, although, as she also, like King Victor, Sordello, and Mildred Tresham, dies of nothing but poetic appropriateness, the loss of life is less convincingly distressful. Her happiness is destroyed, as is Strafford's, by the struggle between her fanatic love and the distrust that threatens it. But since in her very love there is the distinction between worship of the god and national redeemer she believes Djabal to be, and devotion to the human youth, she has the latter left after the failure of the former. Her unswerving loyalty she avows in the same breath with her vehement repudiation of the unmasked pretense.

Djabal himself is Browning's real "Soul's Tragedy", for he belongs with Schwangau, Sludge, Blougram, and others, to the class of half-hypocrites, semi-self-deceivers, some of whom profit and some of whom perish by their wish-fathered thoughts and vain imaginings. The Druse crusader needed so much to be the divine Hakeem that he almost persuaded himself and fully per-

suaded his followers that he was, but he could not persuade the unprejudiced opposition, and was obliged to stab himself to prevent a worse fate. After Anael, the greatest sufferer, is the engaging youth Loys, who loses faith and friends, but even in the fury of his disillusioned knowledge cannot bring himself to slay in vengeance his former comrade and idol.

Luria is a story of self-sacrificing devotion to an ungrateful object. The allegiance comes from the warm, generous impulse of a strong character, yet being after all the homage of a foreign mercenary commander paid to the city that is his employer, it has a touch of the irrational that weakens our sympathy. When his loyal ability is rewarded by suspicion and danger of treachery, recalled too late, he is mildly bewildered rather than righteously indignant. When his ardent affection for Florence is wounded by the information that the Florentines are plotting behind his back while he is winning victories for them, and when at the same time he is forced to admire his conquered opponent, the Pisan general, he observes that after our emotion is sated by battle,—

"Our reason's calm and dreadful voice begins.
All justice, power, and beauty scarce appear
Monopolized by Florence, as of late,
To me, the stranger: you, no doubt, may know
Why Pisa needs must bear her rival's yoke."

Yet even then he refuses the offer from this enemy of a more appreciated service, and declines to use his own loyal Florentine army in his defence. The formal trial does finally result in acquittal, but meanwhile the hurt and discouraged alien has taken poison, dying just as the good news is brought by messenger.

Very similar in theme to *Luria* is *Straffora*, another example of a sad yielding to pressure, although in this case also the yielding is voluntary, and to a pressure internal rather than external, the succumbing of the noble to the selfish. Externally both these loyal soldiers might have freed themselves and even retaliated for extravagant demands and broken faith; internally neither could do so, for it is easier to withstand an oppressor than to violate one's own nature.

Of the two, Strafford is more convincing, for his homage is more personal and natural. The announcement of his arrival from Ireland at the behest of Charles is made by Pym:—

“Wentworth's come: nor sickness, care,
The ravaged body nor the ruined soul,
More than the winds and waves that beat his ship,
Could keep him from the King.”

This is echoed by Wentworth himself when he admits to Lady Carlisle:—

“I am his instrument
Be it for well or ill. He trusts me, too!”

But it is a wavering of this confidence that brings him in a private interview with the elusive monarch to beg for this very trust, adding:—

“Oh—not for my sake! but 'tis sad, so sad
That for distrusting me, you suffer—you
Whom I would die to serve: sir, do you think
That I would die to serve you?”

That he did have to die, and that through the base connivance of this adored liege, without even the satisfaction of making his heroic service effective, is his final and deepest grief. For when the royal coward, taunted by Hollis's suggestion that doubtless he would save Strafford if putting forth an arm would do it, failed to put forth his little finger, the last thought of his victim is for his false sovereign; his last plea is for his useless existence. Denied promise of even that, his last words are:—

“Oh God, I shall die first, I shall die first!”

And thus went to his death one who would have made an unparalleled Damon, had only his friend been a Pythias. His loss embraced almost everything: fortune, reputation if not character, happiness, and life.

His conflict was sharp and doubly hard in that the outer, political opposition was the many against one; and the inner, the subtle strife between loyalty and suspicion, the shattering desolation of discovering a terrible discrepancy between the idol and the ideal. At one time he laments that he cannot “tear out his heart and show it”, to convince the king “how sincere a thing

it is". At another he turns passionately against the profoundly hid perfidy of Charles and denounces his "heart of smooth, cold, frightful stone". He has to listen to the accusation of his old comrade Pym, that he sold his soul for a title. Hounded by the parliamentarians, he exults that it is worth while having such foes, "just for the bliss of crushing them". And after his gallant but exhausting combat, after his admission to Lady Carlisle of the weariness, loneliness, and despair that lay under his show of resolution, she had this report to make to the king:—

"He loves you—looking beautiful—with joy
Because you sent me! he would spare you all
The pain!"

This very exclamation strikes unconsciously the keynote of Browning's tragic symphony. Genuine tragedy is an irreconcilable discord. Browning's art smoothes and attunes until his conciliating touch has produced a finish of sweet, melodious harmony. His heroes and heroines are all beautiful with joy or some compensating emotion at the end; all are uplifted by altruism or sublime resignation.

Death is to him anything but tragic in itself. In more than twenty poems he deals with it, dramatically, reflectively, allusively, jestingly, but never dolefully. Joyous, exultant exit from life is one of his favorite themes. When the exit is made under the auspices of tragedy its sting is extracted by some means or other. The only exception is the frantic beseeching of Guido Franceschini on the morn of his execution, for life on any terms, but since he was an abject scoundrel who had inflicted far more pain than he was suffering, our sympathy is swallowed up in a sense of justice. Strafford is most stark and agonized, but not on his own account. His own fate (the same as Guido's) he meets with resignation, dreary but subdued.

Unhappiness to the point of terror, frenzy, despair, darkens many of Browning's pages, but always some light filters through. Miranda has a long enjoyment of his unsanctified love, and Mildred and Mertoun a brief one, to compensate for the dire penalties exacted of them. There is a sense of the irremediable about Caponsacchi's grief, but he had the deep satisfaction of having

accomplished his mission, however ruthlessly his work was undone by others. The nearest approach to irretrievable calamity is made by the Russian mother, the Italian mother, the unnamed Queen, and the immolated subject of a selfish king, but the approach never becomes an actual arrival.

✓ The essence of tragedy, says a modern critic, is collision between the individual will and social code or moral law. "The tragic character is always a lawbreaker, but not always a criminal." However completely this dictum would be confirmed by other tragedians, it would rule Browning out entirely. By that test his offering to Melpomene would rank as zero. Not that he avoided the lawbreakers. He dearly loved a criminal and did nothing with more gusto than paint lurid portraits of the wicked. But his canvas was innocent of the social or moral rebel. Since his own dominant attitude toward the universe was one of acceptance, he would have no eye for the grandeur of a forlorn revolt, the sublimity of intrepid defiance. No Antigone, Prometheus, Miltonic Satan, could come from him. His only recognition of it is in the impassioned soliloquy of Ixion, and that suffering sinner gets vast comfort out of his retaliatory imprecations. With Browning tragedy is not a cosmic thing ✓ but an individual. It springs more from the clash of human personal relationships than from class antagonisms or the fiat of destiny operating wantonly or blindly. Although once in a pensive mood he designated life as "just a cry of weariness and woe", he never thought of human existence as hopelessly tragic at the core, however fair and fragrant on the surface.

✓ Thus it is not a man against other men or the universe that engages Browning's attention, but the complex personality torn by its own civil warfare. "When the fight begins within himself," says Bishop Blougram, "a man's worth something." Many such an internal conflict does the poet portray; but when the higher side of the soul divided against itself wins, the result is triumph, not tragedy; and when it fails, the failure is usually partial, qualified, and so still untragic. With all his keen perception of the eternal inside fight, he evolved no Faust, Hamlet, Macbeth, Tess Durbyville, or Tito Melema.

In this, if in nothing else, Browning is Victorian; here he is of a piece with his own time, that paradoxical period of eager, probing, daring, but inconclusive thought. The total effect of the quality of his tragedy is comparable to its quantitative measurement. It is there. To it he has paid his tribute in the form of some of his best effort, including his epic masterpiece. But his best cannot be ranked among the world's best, for he was incapable of the unflinching rationality that pushes the tragic situation to its logical conclusion. His native hue of resolution is invariably sicklied o'er, not with the pale cast of thought but the roseate glow of sentiment. This comes not, however, so much from the philosophical optimism popularly regarded as one of his cardinal virtues, as from the instinctively buoyant reaction of a vigorous physique, a sanguine temperament, and a fortunate destiny. Against such a mutually reinforcing triad the absolute tragic reality would strike only to rebound; it could not penetrate.

Browning's account with tragedy is not very large, not of the highest type, conventional in its interpretation and restricted in its application. Nevertheless it is a contribution to the testimony of literature concerning the acrid and disastrous in life, its wrecks and ravages; and it has in it truth and poignancy. Its greatest lacks are of intellectual dauntlessness and a wide humanitarian compassion. Pity is rare with him and terror he knows not. His tendency to find compensation, to harmonize and reconcile, together with an incorrigible habit to be jocular out of season, dilutes the flavor of his tragic cup. Its best assets are the subtlety of his analysis and the brilliancy of his presentation. This is perhaps a small enough card of admission to the Temple of Fame, but it is sufficient. It gives him the entrance denied to any man or artist who is wholly oblivious to the tragic aspect of human life.

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SOME ASPECTS OF PINDAR'S STYLE

There was once a time when Pindar was regarded by moderns as a queer jumble of contests, of gnomic sayings, of myths, and of almost arrogant self-esteem. The blending of all these elements—if not the very reason for presenting them in poetry at all—was not easily to be explained; and men long held, therefore, that Pindar was not only difficult but also of questionable value. The discovery of the works of Bacchylides, in 1896, however, helped greatly to change this feeling. Bacchylides is far easier to follow than is Pindar, and very much more translucent; therefore he furnished a simpler model whereby to study Pindar's department, namely that of Choral-Lyric—the lyric written for the song and the dance. A comparison of the two poets has thrown much light on what was not so clear before, and has proved what was previously suspected—that many of the striking peculiarities of Pindar are manifestations of the tradition and precedent of his department.

But the removal of the departmental difficulties could not sufficiently lighten the task of reading Pindar to make him more generally studied. The individualistic and personal difficulties remained behind; so that we may call Pindar one of the infrequently read classical authors, and one who beyond a limited circle of Greek students is to-day practically unknown.

Pindar's fame in Greece was unquestionably greater, and his circle of readers larger than it is in the modern world, although we can hardly ascribe to him all the popularity which Plutarch, whose frequent quotation from Pindar, a fellow-citizen of Bœotia, would lead us to think he had. The very nature of his choicest compositions, the *Epinicia*, or *Songs of Victory*, which were written to celebrate the rewards of success in contests at the great national festivals at Olympia, Delphi, Corinth, and Nemea, was such as to preclude the possibility of very wide circulation. Admirable works of art though they are, the *epinicia* were not entirely floods of poetic inspiration which burst the gates of the poet's restraint and demanded expression merely for expression's sake. Inspired they were; but unfortunately the

inspiration was often the yellow light of gleaming gold, or the exultant hope of favor and patronage. Each epinicion was written to celebrate a given man's success. It was of particular interest, therefore, to him and his immediate circle alone; and if we add to this fact that in each instance the man celebrated was a member of the Greek aristocracy, we can see an even greater limitation placed upon the number of Pindar's hearers or readers. Much has been written about the poet's art of making a national event out of a given patron's victory; but the personal theme of his poetry certainly made for narrowness of appeal, even though we must admit that Pindar's treatment of a specific victory proceeds on broad and general lines calculated not to end in the immediate family of the victor.

The ancients have agreed with the moderns as to the problem which Pindar presented to the reader. To the writers on Greek rhetoric who flourished in the post-classical period, when men were too busy learning the intricacies of classical Attic to write anything original, he stood largely as a representative of the rugged style of composition—merely a specimen to be collected and put into the same preserving-jar with Thucydides, his counterpart in prose. Some modern critic dubbed Pindar "the scholar's poet"; and the evil effects of this name he has never been able to live down. Few people now read him, and fewer still are intimately familiar with him, largely, perhaps, because of the fact that he has come to be surrounded in the minds of most modern students with an aura of exoticism which they fancy requires for its penetration too much of the primitive element that Hesiod prescribed for the ascent to *Arete*—namely, hard work.

That Pindar is difficult to read is not to be denied; for the student who has been reading the carefully constructed, smooth, easily-flowing sentences of Lysias, for example, would find a decidedly painful contrast in Pindar. These two are—in addition to the fact that one is a prose writer, the other a poet—quite widely removed in their positions in Greek style. Lysias is perhaps the world's finest master of the art that conceals art; and in his works will be found passages that read along as smoothly and easily as the imperceptible current of a mighty river—passages that for all their apparent guilelessness are the

despair of imitators. Lysias is a strikingly excellent illustration of clear, transparent writing; whereas Pindar typifies the style which the ancients themselves regarded as harsh—the *αὐστηρὸς ἁρμονία*, or the severe style.

The troublesome characteristics of Pindar could perhaps be best described by giving an account of the *αὐστηρὸς ἁρμονία*. This is a style in which the virile, concept-bearing noun predominates at the expense of the lighter, more unifying verb. Juxtaposition of ideas is far more frequent than a predication facilitated by means of the copula; and a rugged massing of substantives almost beats into our minds the thought that seems to lie under, through, and over them all, yet not in any single one of these substantives.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, a writer of the time of Augustus, and perhaps the greatest student of literary style in all ages, has made an unsurpassable analysis of this severe manner of composition. In elucidation I quote him as follows:¹—

“It [the austere style] requires that the words should be like columns firmly planted and placed in strong positions, so that each word should be seen on every side, and that the parts should be at appreciable distances from one another, being separated by perceptible intervals. It does not in the least shrink from using frequently harsh sound-clashings which jar on the ear; like blocks of building-stone that are laid together unworked, blocks that are not square and smooth, but preserve their natural roughness and irregularity. It is prone for the most part to expansion by means of great spacious words. It objects to being confined to short syllables, except under occasional stress of necessity.

“In respect of the words, then, these are the aims which it strives to attain, and to these it adheres. In its clauses it pursues not only these objects, but also impressive and stately rhythms, and tries to make its clauses not parallel in structure or sound, nor slaves to a rigid sequence, but noble, brilliant, free. It wishes them to suggest nature rather than art, and to stir emotion rather than to reflect character. And as to periods, it does not, as a rule, even attempt to compose them in such a way that the sense of each is complete in itself: if it ever drifts into this accidentally, it seeks

¹ *De Compositione Verborum*, pp. 211 ff. Roberts's translation.

to emphasize its own unstudied and simple character, neither using any supplementary words which in no way aid the sense, merely in order that the period may be fully rounded off, nor being anxious that the period should move smoothly or showily, nor nicely calculating them so as to be just sufficient (if you please) for the speaker's breath, nor taking pains about any other such trifles. Further, the arrangement in question is marked by flexibility in its use of the cases, variety in the employment of figures, few connections; it lacks articles; it often disregards natural sequence; it is anything rather than florid, it is aristocratic, plain-spoken, unvarnished; an old-world mellowness constitutes its beauty."

Other critics, men who have been farther removed in time from Pindar than was Dionysius, and who, accustomed from childhood to other tongues, knew far less Greek than did he, have substituted the term *archaism* for his *old-world mellowness*; but the substitution has brought a loss rather than a gain. To call Pindar archaic is to admit an ignorance of the conventions of his department, or to overlook the fact that he post-dates Homer, who is always modern, and that he is the contemporary of Aischylos, who stands at the bud and flower of Greece's prime. The term archaic, in plastic art, has come to be applied to works characterized by adherence to the law of frontality and by the 'type' manner of production prevalent before the work of Myron. It is doubtful whether Pindar fits in this category; for, although his extant poems are types of epinicia, they are not the whole of his productions. Besides, their language and metres are greatly diversified; and this term which fills a prominent place in material art, has but doubtful significance when applied to literature.

The language of Pindar is somewhat responsible for the "old-world mellowness" that is to be found in his works. It is not Theban,² as a recent author seems to imagine, who asserts that Boeotia developed stiffness and bombast, whereas Athens produced grace and ease. It is not bombastic language, nor yet is

² Dornseiff: *Pindar's Stil*, p. 8. See my review, *American Journal of Philology*, XLIII, p. 376.

it characterized by Athenian fluency. It is, rather, a language remotely comparable to that of Spenser, a literary vehicle, and no spoken speech at all. Aischylos has said that his dreams were the *τεμάχη*, or scraps, from the feast of Homer;³ and Pindar, as well as all the other poets—and not a few prose writers of Greece—partook heavily of the fare of their blind host. Pindar's language is a mixture of the Epic, Æolic, and Doric dialects, each of these elements varied according to the mood of the particular poem. Perhaps the Doric seems more in evidence than the other dialects; but this predominance can be naturally explained as caused by the handling of Stesichorus, the Doric pioneer in choral-lyric.

To the variations according to mood must be added the variations according to the personality of the poet. It is to be remembered that Pindar was a member of the aristocracy, who would, on the one hand, feel the right to assume a lofty and terse diction, and, on the other, would feel himself not bound to avoid giving offence. He is conscious of the security of his position, and for that reason does not recoil from expressing the commonplace, even the unseemly.

Another matter which has contributed to the difficulty of reading Pindar is the intricacy of the metres which he uses. The division of his works into their metres and cola has come down to us in a long tradition based upon metrical scholia which show the influence of Hephæstion and Aristoxenus. This tradition was discarded by the scholar Boeckh (1811-21), who in turn was followed by Schmidt, with his neat systematization of the poems. Schmidt is perhaps best known to students to-day through John Williams White's translation of his *Rhythmic and Metric*, in 1878. Probably the latest scansion of Pindar which has sought authenticity by publication is that of Schroeder, 1908. That none of these treatments has been universally accepted *in toto* is attested by the fact that Professor Wilamowitz has what he considers some improvements upon them in his latest work on Greek metrics.⁴ We may say that the odes of

³ *Athenæus*, 347 E.

⁴ *Griechische Verskunst*, 1921. See my review, *Classical Weekly*, IV, 204.

Pindar are composed in dactylo-epitrite, logæedic, and paionian rhythms; but unfortunately the former two of these terms are now involved in dispute, so that our information is not as enlightening as it seems. Whatever may be the technical term applied to his rhythms, however, a sympathetic reading of the poems, with due regard for long and short syllables, will make one feel their movement; and it will do more than this—it will bring out the *mood* of each poem.

Possibly Pindar's metres, possibly the dictates of his department, and possibly his personality alone will account for the characteristics of his poems. Of any one of these we know less than we might wish; but we can draw our inferences from his works. We have said that his personality was aristocratic. The conventions of his department have been surveyed by Dornseiff, who seems to think that the purpose of choral-lyric was largely to convey the effect of turgidity and bombast. This, however, can hardly be considered a sympathetic view. We should be fairer to Pindar if we adhered more closely to the information given by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. In Pindar we find a large rhetorical element; but this element is in keeping with the *ἀσθηρὸς ἀρμυρία*. It is not the art which smooths away all difficulties from the path of the reader; but it is the art in which the author solicits the help of the reader and makes him a co-worker in the elaboration of his ideas.

The diction of Pindar is lofty and elevated, with much fullness. As would be expected, circumlocution occurs very frequently. There is seen in it an influence of the speech of the Delphic priests, who, more because they were guided by traditional and religious impulses than because they sought to insure a means of escape, if their prophecies failed, refrained from calling a spade a spade, but resorted to giving descriptions of the objects meant in their divinations.⁵

As in sentence structure Pindar shows a fondness for coördination, so in his arrangement of words, coördination prevails. The chief indication of its presence here is a large use of appo-

⁵Bergk: *Griechische Litteraturgeschichte*, I, p. 332. Dornseiff, p. 29, quotes Herodotus 7, 141.

sition, which often comes to equal the use of a comparison without *ōs*, or some sign of the simile.

Similes and perhaps all the figures known to rhetoricians are present in the odes of Pindar; and his diction may be called highly figurative and imaginative. Manifold are the objects which serve as the basis for these figures; but the very first strophe of the *First Olympian Ode* will present the best epitome of Pindar's favorite objects of comparison. Here we find water, gold, gleaming fire, lordly wealth, the sun that shines by day, the stars that gleam at night, the broad expanse of the sky or the ether. Pindar's love for figures which portray flashing brilliance and masterly swiftness has been the subject of much consideration, the outcome of which has been to attribute this predilection to his aristocratic inheritance. The aristocrat must be rich and strong; and brilliant display and swiftness are manifestations of wealth and strength.⁶

The *Odes* of Pindar are so strongly ornamented with figures that their author has often been charged with mixing his metaphors. Dornseiff (p. 66) seems to find in him figures that coil and uncoil about one another, and are extremely difficult to follow:—

"Pindar is continually mingling picture and reality, or is continually hovering back and forth between the concept and the portrayal, between the object itself and a pretty veil for the object. The archaic tendency to strong metaphorical speech is so intensified in Pindar that his figures cross each other so frequently as to make it difficult to see the end of his flourishes."

To me, the term *archaic* used here is odious; and I feel that we should do better to maintain toward this apparent shortcoming of the poet the attitude stated by Professor Gildersleeve.⁷ Pindar slides from view to view with great rapidity; and his quick succession of figures is but another objective indication of his love of swiftness. Perhaps, too, his readers have read into him a fault by taking his asyndeton as the result of omission rather than of commission.

⁶Gildersleeve: *Olympian and Pythian Odes*, p. xxxix.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. xlv.

In considering Pindar's work, we must not pass over the general form of the epinicion itself. Each of these songs of victory was merely another variation of the same theme, in which the conventions of the department seemed to dictate that there should be four elements—namely, the personal, the hymnic, the gnomic, and the epic-mythical.

The personal element, of course, consisted in the giving of publicity and praise to the victor who commissioned the poet. This element certainly must have severely menaced the artistic perfection of the whole poem; but if the given hero were sufficiently famous, or traced his genealogy back to a member of the Pantheon, as most of them seem to have done, then this element furnished an approach to the poet's business of making the poem rise to the height of general and abiding interest.

The holding of the games was not merely Greece's means of surmounting the difficulty caused by the absence of modern clocks to mark the flight of time, as I was once told by a freshman studying Ancient History; but it was the expression of religious impulses. Back of the pleasure, joy, or fame that either the spectator or contestants gained, there was the feeling that all present were convened to do honor to some potent patron and deity. The poem which celebrated a victory won at any of these games must not entirely overlook the rendering of honor to the god whose worship gave the victor the opportunity to cover himself with glory. For this reason, we find scattered through the poems words of praise for the gods—for Zeus, Apollo, Poseidon, and Heracles. Sometimes the hymnic element takes the form of a proemium.⁸

Pindar is particularly rich in gnomic expression; but in this respect he merely emphasizes the general tendency of ancient literature, which is rarely free from the morally didactic strain. According to him, "If any man hopeth to escape the eye of God, he is grievously wrong";⁹ "Few have gained pleasure without toil";¹⁰ "Wealth adorned with virtues is the true light of man";¹¹ "The truly wise is he that knoweth much by gift of nature";¹² "Praise is attacked by envy".¹³ Sometimes the

⁸O. IV, 1 ff.¹¹O. II, 53 f.⁹O. II, 64.¹²O. II, 86.¹⁰O. XI, 22.¹³O. II, 95.

outlook on life is somewhat melancholy, for the *Second Olympian* tells us:—

“Verily, for mortal men at least, the time when their life will end in the bourne of death is not clearly marked; no, nor the time when we shall bring a calm day, the Sun’s own child, to its close amid happiness that is unimpaired.”¹⁴

And the *Eighth Pythian* (96) adds to this the mournful reflection that “man is but the dream of a shadow”, a statement which Shakespeare seems to echo in *Hamlet*, in the form, “Man is but the shadow of a dream”. We are given the consolation, however, that “Under the power of noble joys, a cruel trouble is quelled and dieth away, whenever good fortune is lifted on high by a god-sent fate.”¹⁵ The melancholy is that of the man who sees life as no bright, sweet dream; but who, on the other hand, is willing to take the bitter with the sweet and to stand up like a man against the trial that will prove his true genuineness. There is in Pindar nothing that approaches the morbid, sentimental melancholia which Thomson shows in his *City of Dreadful Night*.

The mythic element of the epinicion is perhaps that which gives cohesion to the whole structure, and for most people adds the strongest touch of beauty. The tendency used to be to ascribe the presence of the myth to the epic influence; but now we reverse the process because we think that there can be detected in choral-lyric the rudiments of the old heroic sagas which must have preceded the epic.¹⁶ In the growth of poetry, lyric must have preceded the other departments; but our evidence shows that the order of *crystallization* of the departments must have been epic, lyric, drama. Hence there may be some truth in the above statement; and the epic, instead of affecting, shows effects itself.

The *Fourth Pythian* is Pindar’s greatest poem, both in size and in æsthetic appeal. It deals with the Argonautic expedition, and is a famous handling of an epic theme in a lyric manner.

¹⁴O. II, ff.

¹⁵O. II, 19 f. The translations are from Sandys, Loeb Classical Series.

¹⁶Dornseiff, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

Next to this I personally like the *Second Olympian*, the *Eighth Pythian*, and the *First Olympian*, in the order named.

The appreciation of Pindar has varied somewhat with the ages. Dionysius of Halicarnassus remarks apropos of a dithyrambic fragment of Pindar's: ¹⁷—

"These lines are vigorous, weighty, and dignified, and are marked by much severity of style. Though rugged, they are not unpleasantly so, and though harsh to the ear, are only so in due measure. They are slow in their rhythm, and present broad effects of harmony, and they exhibit not the showy and decorative prettiness of our own day, but the severe beauty of a distant past." ¹⁸

Horace says of Pindar that he—

"is like a river rushing down from the mountains and overflowing its banks. He is worthy of Apollo's bay, whether he rolls down new words through daring dithyrambs, or sings of gods and kings, or of those whom the palm of Elis makes inhabitants of heaven, or laments some youthful hero and exalts to the stars his prowess, his courage, and his golden virtue." ¹⁹

And Quintilian declares that—

"Of lyric poetry Pindar is the peerless master, in grandeur, in maxims, in figures of speech, and in the full stream of eloquence." ²⁰

Ronsard, 1550, wrote a number of odes to show *le moyen de suivre Pindare*; and this action was followed by a long succession of English poets who adopted what they considered to be the Pindaric method of constructing odes, ²¹—Cowley and Shadwell in the seventeenth century, and Congreve and Gray in the eighteenth.

In his *Progress of Poesy* Gray, indeed, speaks of the *pride* and the ample pinion—

"That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thru the azure deep of air."

¹⁷ 75 Schroeder.

¹⁸ The translation is that of Roberts, p. 217.

¹⁹ *Odes*, IV, 2.

²⁰ Quintilian X, l. 61.

²¹ S. R. Shafer: *The English Ode to 1660*. Princeton University Press, 1918.

Matthew Arnold had a high opinion of Pindar, and paid him the compliment of imitating him in passages. "Pindar", he says, "is the poet above all others on whom the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect."²² His *Merope* is a copy of Pindar's O. 6, 54 ff.; and his eagle who—

"Droops all his sheeny, brown, deep-feathered neck,
Nestling nearer to Jove's feet,
While o'er his sovereign eye
The curtains of the blue films slowly meet,"

is from the *First Pythian* of Pindar.

Tennyson said of Pindar: "He is a sort of Australian poet; has long tracts of gravel with immensely large nuggets imbedded." Voltaire thought of Pindar only as "the inflated Theban"; but even these characterizations were less unkind than the remarks of those who saw in Pindar's lyric flights the crude gambols of a mastodon.²³

Fortunately, however, some scholars and critics—unprofessional as well as professional—have found Pindar to possess charm and grace in his massive gambols. Delicacy, smoothness, ease are not his; but he has a satisfying substantiality which is at once welcomed by the mind capable of understanding him. Translation of him is, at best, but a travesty; but a reading and re-reading of him in the original Greek is like successive hearings of Wagnerian music—one thinks it strange at first, but finds in it new enjoyment at each successive hearing.

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²² Poetical Works, Macmillan, 1890, p. 420.

²³ The estimates here given may be augmented by consulting my index to Brief Mention, *American Journal of Philology*, XLII, p. 374, s. v. *Pindar*. It is my privilege to acknowledge that this essay is the result of my having read with Professor Gildersleeve *Pindar's Stil*, by Franz Dornseiff, Berlin, 1921.

BOOK REVIEWS

SENECA THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS MODERN MESSAGE. By Richard Mott Gummere, Headmaster the William Penn Charter School. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1922. Pp. xvi, 150.

This is the first volume of the new series entitled *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*, edited by George Depue Hadzsits, Ph.D. (University of Pennsylvania) and David Moore Robinson, Ph.D., LL.D. (Johns Hopkins University). The editors of this Library rightly say: "Those classifications of our intellectual, moral and spiritual life, which have had their origin in the Greek and Roman world and which have steadied human life and thinking ever since, are to-day of enormous importance for determining the aim and direction of life and for creating a sense of unity in life."

And Seneca is well chosen for the first illustration of the "message". The thinker who appeals alike to early Christian Fathers and modern rationalists and agnostics, as well as to Petrarch and Dante, Calvin and Rousseau, Dante and Chaucer, surely can lay some claim to at least a touch of ultimate values. And Seneca may well be called one of the foremost Pagan Apostles of Patience. Rightly does Moffatt's translation of Saint Paul's great chapter on Love bring out the centrality of Patience in the Love attitude, and thus once more suggest the interesting parallel between "Seneca and Saint Paul", Stoic and Christian Ethics.

Since Seneca's *Letters* are not as well known as they should be, a few extracts from them set forth by the author will best illustrate the main thesis of his book, namely, that Seneca is essentially "modern", or rather, spiritually classic:—

Democracy and Honor: "I am glad to hear, Lucilius, that you live on friendly terms with your slaves; . . . they are our friends, nay, rather our fellow-slaves, because fortune has power over us no less than over *them*. . . . Let them speak freely in your presence, so that they may not gossip behind your back. . . . Do not subject them to humiliating tasks. Let them *dine in company with you*. . . .

Assume that your coachman is a gentleman, and you will make him one." (p. 71).

Drunkenness: "To be drunk is nothing else than to be crazy on purpose; for if you continue the habit of intoxication for several days, can you entertain only doubt about your madness? Even now, it is shorter, but not any less intense." (p. 93 f.).

Poverty: "Glad poverty is an honourable estate, says Epicurus. Now it is not poverty if it is glad. For the man of poverty is the one who craves too much, rather than one who has too little." (p. 95).

Poise: "The first proof of a well-ordered mind is to be able to pause and linger within itself." (p. 96).

The book has notes, bibliography and index.

T. P. BAILEY.

LETTERS OF MEMBERS OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS. Edited by Edmund C. Burnett. Washington: The Carnegie Institution of Washington. 1921. Pp. lxvi, 572.

In a letter written in his old age to another surviving member of the Continental Congress, John Adams exclaims: "Who shall write the history of the American Revolution? Who can write it? Who will ever be able to write it? The most essential documents, the debates and deliberations in Congress, from 1774 to 1783, were all in secret and are now lost forever." A dim and flickering light was shed on the proceedings of the Continental Congress by its journals which were printed over a hundred years ago. In 1904 Mr. Worthington Chauncey Ford took up the laborious task of reëditing and reprinting the journals in full from the original MSS. with some additional material to fill in the gaps. Mr. Ford's work, continued by Mr. Gaillard Hunt, has been going on for nearly twenty years and has resulted in a series of over a score of quarto volumes. Indispensable as is this monumental work to the student of the period, anyone who has consulted it will see that it is at times a mere record of yeas and nays or of motions and of resolutions, and that even when the journal is fullest it always leaves us in the dark as to what was really said and done within the congressional chamber. The

journals are, in fact, scarcely more than a skeleton of proceedings, and leave our curiosity as to the genesis of the most important acts of Congress unsatisfied and our minds exasperated. Now, finally, Dr. Edmuud C. Burnett conceives the fruitful idea of expanding and supplementing the meagre record of the journals by publishing all letters and other writings of the members of the Continental Congress which can in any way enlighten us as to what they said in their so carefully guarded debates. Dr. Burnett's task has involved an enormous amount of research in the collections of Revolutionary material throughout the country. But the results have been productive beyond all expectations. The volume which lies before us comprises seven hundred and sixty-two documents. It covers the period August 29, 1774, to July 4, 1776, and it is the first of a series of six which will carry the work of the Continental Congress down to the year 1789. In a Foreword to the volume, Dr. Jameson, editor of the papers of the Department of Historical Research of the Carnegie Institution, has this to say: "Considerable as is the contribution which this volume makes to a fuller knowledge of the proceedings of Congress, the contributions of fresh information which the later volumes will present will be much larger."

S. L. WARE.

PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By Thames Ross Williamson. Boston: D. C. Heath and Co. 1922. Pp. xv, 567.

Most of our progressive high schools are adopting in their fourth-year curriculum a comprehensive course which shall embrace not only, as heretofore, the mechanism of government, but also those economic and social aspects of our civilization which lie behind government and which call forth and explain practically all governmental action. This course usually goes by the name of "Problems of American Democracy". Hence the demand for a text-book such as Professor Williamson now offers.

Of the four fields in which our author's work lies,—history, economics, sociology and government,—obviously history is the least important. Nevertheless, we could have wished a little more historical background than the very scanty one which

Professor Williamson allots to his 'problems', for his book would not only thereby have gained in interest but also in didactic value. As illustrations might be cited the development of our political parties (pp. 352-353), the growth of education in the United States (p. 256), or the rise of the trust movement (p. 270). Apart from this slight defect, the work is excellently conceived. After he has carefully and lucidly explained the foundations and the nature of our capitalistic system and shown both its merits and its shortcomings, the writer passes on to programmes of industrial and social reform and devotes considerable space to the question of social justice, a subject which, as he says, has been, strangely enough, neglected in our schools. When, finally, in the fifth and last division of the book the writer takes up the mechanism of government, he has thoroughly prepared the young student to appreciate the problems with which legislators and administrators have to deal.

S. L. WARE.

THE NEW LATIN AMERICA. By J. Warshaw. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1922. Pp. xxi, 415.

The Great War, with its vast destruction of European capital and its impoverishment of the 460,000,000 inhabitants of the European Continent, has centred the attention of all nations on the practically unlimited resources and possibilities of the twenty South and Central American republics as fields for immigration, investment and trade. We North Americans in particular, whose commerce with these republics has, since 1914, increased four-fold and, in some instances, seven-fold, are awakening at last to opportunities too long neglected or too lightly prized.

Among the scores of works in English which have recently appeared on Latin America, Professor Warshaw's is to be specially commended in that it treats of Latin America as a whole and attempts, within the compass of a moderate volume, to offer a comprehensive survey of the mighty industrial as well as cultural advance of the Latin republics, an advance which has in the words of Elihu Root completely marched these states off the map. Dr. Warshaw is an eager and a convincing pleader for a better understanding between the two Americas, an understand-

ing which shall be based on mutual appreciation and respect. In the first place he shows us a score of rising commonwealths whose very territorial vastness, if nothing else, should command our attention, Brazil alone being 200,000 square miles larger than our forty-eight States. But he goes on to prove to us that our Central and South American neighbors have far more than mere bigness to commend themselves to our admiration. He draws an instructive parallel between the growth of the United States and that of the Latin American countries. If we date the complete self-determination of these republics from the decisive battle of Ayachucho in 1824, we shall see that by the year 1921 they had reached the ninety-eighth year of their independence. In these ninety-seven years Latin America had attained a population of 80,000,000 and a foreign commerce of \$5,000,000,000. Reckoning from 1781, the date of the battle of Yorktown, to the year 1880, the United States had attained about the same age of independence, namely ninety-nine years. In this period our numbers had increased to 50,000,000 and our foreign trade to a little over \$1,500,000,000. This instructive comparison enables us to understand Mr. Root's prophecy that the twentieth century will be the century of South America.

Here, then, to the south of us are growing up, with a speed equal to our own, mighty states, whose population taken as a whole is composed only in small part of backward Indians and Africans, but chiefly of the best blood of the Latin peoples of Europe,—Spaniards, Portuguese and Italians,—who are renewing the youth of their race and who bid fair to revive in the New World the glory that was theirs in the days of the Renaissance and of the Discoveries. It would, of course, be absurd to pretend that all these countries are sharing equally or proportionately in the remarkable development we have seen, but if some are unduly backward, others and the greater number are conspicuously progressive. The average American will be amazed to read in Professor Warshaw's book that Beunos Aires, with its population of 1,700,000, or Rio de Janeiro with considerably over a million, are the equals in beauty of streets, parks and buildings, or in completeness of modern equipment in the matter of rapid transit, lighting, theatres, schools and hospitals of any

modern city of the world. The writer has some very interesting chapters on Latin American literature and art, on public enlightenment and education which should open our eyes. Lastly we would do well to ponder his chapters on the "Monroe Doctrine", and "As Latin Americans See Us."

The book is enriched with an appendix containing statistics and useful information on each of the Latin American States in turn, including such things as trade, transportation, currency, important newspapers and even hotels. The book has numerous and well-chosen illustrations, several maps and a bibliography of recent books. There is a full index.

S. L. WARE.

EARLY CIVILIZATION. An Introduction to Anthropology. By Alexander A. Goldenweiser. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1922.

The valuable destructive criticism of the classical theories of Morgan and others given in Lowie's *Primitive Society* is ably supplemented by this work of Professor Goldenweiser's. The earlier work cleared the ground, but the field was large and the material hard to organize; this book is better organized and, although one may dissent in places from the conclusions drawn by the author, his study is characterized by an appealing sanity. Of the three parts of the work, the first two are of especial interest and done in a convincing style. The Introduction contains brief discussions of "The Unity of Man", "The Nature of Civilization", "The Evolutionary Theory", "An Exposition and a Criticism". Part I is a survey of five early civilizations: the Eskimo; the Tlingit and Haida of Northwest America; the Iroquois Matriarchate; Uganda, an African State; and Central Australia, a Magic-Ridden Community; concluding with reflections on theories suggested by observation of these peoples and their cultures. Part II continues cautiously but surely the lines already indicated in the criticism of Part I and includes discussions of "Economic Conditions and Industry" (VII and VIII), "Art" (IX), "Religion and Magic" (X and XI), "Society" (XII and XIII), and "Reflections on Part II", in which are discussed, after a too brief glance at "Culture and Environment", the case of "Diffusion versus Independent Development of Early Civil-

zation". In Part III the sailing is less smooth,—“The Ideas of Early Man”. The theories of early mentality of Spencer, Frazer, Wundt, Durkheim, Lévy-Bruhl, and Freud are criticized. Not enough attention is paid to Spencer's first principles, on which rest whatever pretensions to scientific theory sociology may have to-day; the untenability of classical evolution, however, may be considered as demonstrated if it is to be understood as resting on environmental influences and disregarding contact of cultures. Frazer's theories appear to be confuted with more ease, as also Freud's and Durkheim's; although Wundt and to a less degree Lévy-Bruhl are less easily downed. The concluding chapters on “Early Life and Thought” are concise, packed, anything but simple.

Some of the recent work in psychology tends to establish results at variance with the author's conclusions. Neither has it been determined that man is by any means one of the races of men not of differing and unusual capacities. But that civilization—or should this word henceforth be confined to the plural?—arises from multiple origins, that development or evolution is not at all synonymous with progress, that natural environment does not play the leading rôle in cultural development but that we must also reckon with contacts with other civilizations and with something else innate in a given race itself—on these points the author will find most of his readers in hearty accord with his ideas. The will to believe is ours and if we had more faith we might better understand and follow the last part of this great work. These matters with its method of treatment make *Early Civilization* of particular value to the anthropologist, the historian, the student of sociology, and all others who may be concerned with or interested in allied subjects.

J. B. EDWARDS.

Wells College.

PROGRESS AND SCIENCE. *Essays in Criticism*. By Robert Shafer. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1922.

This collection of related essays and a conclusion to point the moral contains the author's reactions to a number of recent publications by writers such as F. S. Marvin, E. D. Conklin,

H. G. Wells, G. D. H. Cole, Miss M. P. Follet, R. H. Tawney, A. J. Todd, John Dewey, Henry Adams, Hugh Elliot, and others, men who not only believe in evolution and the doctrine of progress but have each their formula for realizing the millennium here on earth through theory applied with intelligent scientific coöperation. The first essay, "Progress through Science", deals principally with the criticism of Marvin's presentation of the idea of progress; the second, "Social Progress", takes up similarly the work of Conklin, Wells, Cole and Follet; the third, "Education and Progress", discusses the views of Dewey and other educators who have effectually fuddled the popular mind with their popularization of educational theory, although much of their work is of indisputable value; the fourth, "Science and History", considers the books of Henry Adams who had already given his case away (that is, assuming that he held any brief for progress and modern science as the only means toward that end) by admitting the insufficiency of theory to give happiness; the fifth presents Walter Pater as an example of a writer who, discarding religion for science, lived his theories and in his *Marius the Epicurean*, which is almost an autobiography, confessed the emptiness to which such theories inevitably lead the man who entertains them. In the sixth or concluding essay all the threads spun in the previous five essays are drawn skilfully together and the reader who follows the author's argument with docility comes to see that since the nature of man is part and parcel of the nature of things there is no social and political panacea for the moral ills of this world that man can provide by his own agencies, no matter how scientific, no matter how high in the clouds of theory his thought may be refined. It would be too much like lifting himself by his bootstraps; and even the material universe cannot be kept running, as Adams pointed out, unless its force be renewed from an external source. However one may differ in minor points, the main contention of these essays will be readily granted, not only because the arguments are convincingly presented, but because it is now the fashion, even among scientists, to turn upon the fabric of theory that they have been so busy in rearing for the past quarter of a century and to subject the principles at its foundation to a rigorous and unsettling criticism.

The style of the book is one of charm. If it seems at times to advance a bit languidly, still the frequent epigram keeps one awake and its polemical nature appeals to the latent Hibernian in all of us.

J. B. EDWARDS.

Wells College.

ECONOMIC MOTIVES: A Study in the Psychological Foundations of Economic Theory, with some Reference to other Social Sciences. By Zenas Clark Dickinson, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Economics in the University of Minnesota. (Awarded the David A. Wells prize for the year 1919-20, and published from the income of the David A. Wells Fund). Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1922. Pp. 304.

This pioneer effect in the borderland where economics meets psychology and social science is worthy of note on account of its workmanlike qualities and its sane balance of judgment.

There are three parts to the book: Part I deals with "Introduction and Historical Approach", and summarily discusses "Human Nature in Economics", "Common-sense Analysis of Motives", and the psychology of Aristotle, Hobbes, Adam Smith, Bentham, the Mills, and Bain. In Part II, "The Psychological Analysis" is considered, with special reference to the newer psychological treatment of instincts, aptitudes and appetites. Part III has to do with "Applications", especially with regard to the concepts of economic wants, utility and cost, saving, work.

The vagueness of the results must be laid at the door of psychology rather than that of economics. And perhaps Professor Dickinson is justified in his prefatory remark:—

"The conclusion emerges, as might be expected, that psychological problems of economics are at present to be attacked more effectively by the ordinary methods of economic science, which consists of statistical analysis of the behavior-data relative to the case, than by means of psychological principles, for psychologists are making progress in understanding other types of behavior by similar statistical analysis."

As was to be expected, the author does not escape the danger of mixing up all sorts of psychological material in getting at the springs of motive.

Here as elsewhere, especially in psychology, ethics, medicine, sermons and novels, there is failure clearly to distinguish 'needs' from 'wants'. Much of the naturalistic ethics of the day, and the popular regard for "sacredness of spontaneity" needs to discriminate among such facts and terms as want, need, wish, desire, will, freedom and licence, law and love.

The book has a good index.

T. P. BAILEY.

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS. Essays by Giovanni Papini. Selected and Translated by Ernest Hatch Williams, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Chicago. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1922. Pp. vi, 624.

"... Don Quixote was born to be my brother, first according to the letter, now according to the spirit. He and I understand each other." Thus Papini in the essay on Don Quixote, wherein he tries to show that the doughty Spaniard was tired of the monotony of everyday life, and pretended madness as a means of experiencing exciting adventures without undergoing serious risks. We are therefore warned not to take Papini too seriously when he says of himself:—

"This Papini is the scoundrel of literature, the blackguard of journalism, the Barabbas of art, the Apache of culture, and . . . is inextricably involved in all the enterprises of the intellectual underworld."

Nevertheless, his defence of Whitman and Nietzsche, strange soul-fellows, is quite sincere. He thinks that the real Brethren of the Spirit are taking their Nietzsche to themselves:—

"There is room now for love. The smirching caresses of fashion are bestowed elsewhere."

And he contrasts Halévy's spirited and spiritual biography of Nietzsche with—

"the utterances of the bloodthirsty monkeys who have disported themselves, in parlors and in novels, under the utterly false name of disciples of Zarathustra."

He is interested rather in Whitman's personality than in his life, for he cares "less for the whole course of a man's life than for his own distilling of its essence".

Turning to some of the other 'minds' that Papini treats of, we find him associating Dean Swift with Shakespeare—and Carlyle. Does not such a strange judgment stimulate one to re-read *Gulliver's Travels*?

The essay on William Tell opens with a formula to which the H. G. Wells type of historians should pay attention:—

"Four apples mark the four epochs of human history—the apple of Eve (the Biblical epoch); the apple of Paris (the Hellenic epoch); the apple of Tell (the mediæval epoch); the apple of Newton (the scientific epoch). The one of the four whose fate I most regret—for apples, unlike the Women of Nicæa, have souls—is the one the Swiss bowman with the cock's feather transfixed on his son's head."

Yes, Papini is 'stimulating',—decidedly so. Even his violent attack on Hamlet, the most interesting of Shakespeare's 'minds', helps to erase conventional cant and to encourage sincere critical study. Indeed, Papini's canon of "lovableness and hatefulness" is by no means a bad one for appreciative criticism. This loving-hating critic may be too hard on Hegel and Spencer, for instance; nevertheless, his original and audacious sincerity compels thoughtful reflection on the part of the reader.

As for the higher spiritual impulses of this amiable "scoundrel of literature", let this sample suffice:—

"The *Divine Comedy* is not yet complete. When the disdainful poet wrote that last starry line he had merely finished the fundamental theme on which other men were to execute complicated variations."

T. P. BAILEY.

DREAMS AND MEMORIES. By George McLean Harper, Professor of English in Princeton University. Princeton University Press. London: Humphrey Milford. 1922. Pp. 193.

OLD WORLD YESTERDAYS. By Caroline Walker. London: Selwyn and Blount. 1922. Pp. 183.

We have scant sympathy with the opinion that the publication of personal records of travel in easily accessible countries has now become, on account of the excellence and completeness of the guide-books, of slight value to the reading world. The in-

dispensable guide-book proves often indeed to be far from complete and its style far from refreshing. Who would not give all the formal Italian guide-books for *The Marble Faun* and for certain poems of Byron, Shelley, and Browning and his wife? Consider Lucas. Consider Belloc. Ours is an age of increasing emphasis upon psychology of place and character, of large interest in motives and reactions; what we really want in books of travel is personal analysis of significant scene and incident, of unusually induced feeling, of historical quality, of the flavor-charm of folk-values and soil-values. The two books briefly discussed here satisfy just such a desire.

Professor Harper's style is peculiarly hospitable. His readers are his guests. In "this volume of adventures grave and gay" he has collected seven very humanly reviewed reminiscences of wanderings in England, Scotland and Italy. There is one also of a boy's exciting experience as a substitute performer in a famous American circus, told with exceptional skill and sympathy. "But I was desperately afraid—afraid to go, afraid of being caught and kept from going." In the chapter on Ayrshire the author, unlike Lamb, thinks the Scotsman "capable of seeing subjects in more than one light". His remarks on Burns are fortunate and useful, save for one perhaps too enthusiastic superlative. *Lost Vineta* is a strange story—Poe with a clean wind blowing off the vapors. *Hawkshead and Dove Cottage* is a loving little study of the Wordsworths and Coleridge; and there is a fine chapter on the mediæval color and atmosphere of Siena, an excursion wholly worth while.

Mrs. Walker gives her readers a cultured gentlewoman's account of objective and subjective adventures experienced in Italy, France and England. Her book contains thirty-four short chapters, variously idyllic, humorous, and antiquarian, but always agreeably keyed to personal experience and appreciation. Of these perhaps the most interesting are *The Kulm Above Portofino*; *Leonardo's "Last Supper"*; *Keswick, Wythburn, and Watendlath*; *The Abbé Fragonard and his Château*; and *The Inn Landlord*.

G. H. C.

LAST POEMS. By Alfred Edward Housman. New York: Henry Holt and Company; London: Grant Richards. 1922. Pp. 79.

The author of *A Shropshire Lad* (1896) has not disappointed us in his *Last Poems*, despite the lapse of twenty-six years. Both volumes contain unimpeachable poetry, sensitively conceived and exquisitely phrased. The appearance of *Last Poems* is an event of real importance.

The author is well known to students of the classics as a Latinist of high order, professor at Cambridge, editor and critic; but above and beyond these things, he is a veritable poet. He prefaces his new book with this explanation:—

"I publish these poems, few though they are, because it is not likely that I shall ever be impelled to write much more. I can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1895 I wrote the greater part of my other book, nor indeed could I well sustain it if it came; and it is best that what I have written should be printed while I am here to see it through the press and control its spelling and punctuation. About a quarter of this matter belongs to the April of the present year, but most of it to dates between 1895 and 1910."

The note of the earlier and later volumes is one: it is that of a companionably courageous melancholy in the face of "life's mere minute", as the poet contemplates the unescapable vicissitudes of all human experience, the inexorable changefulness (even the heartlessness and witlessness) of nature, and the ache of the soul in its effort to find the way to an authentic freedom. The poems are memorably wistful, indeed hauntingly so, with a pity-fibred irony that makes for fortitude, and a diction so novel in its melodies and connotations that fortitude becomes akin to happiness. To borrow Mr. Housman's own phrase, used in another connection, his poems are "full of joy and woe".

Of the forty-one poems twelve impress the reviewer as of outstanding merit, and of these again two seem to reach the acme of this poet's peculiar excellence of mode and meaning,—namely, *The West*, symbolic sunset verses that will "have the heart out of your breast"; and *Hell Gate*, an imaginative adventure of extraordinary fascination, told with the severe and sombre beauty

that its theme requires, yet with that brooding rebel-wonder that is in so much of Mr. Housman's work. The stanza quoted below is taken from *The West* and the few lines that follow conclude *Hell Gate*.

"But if I front the evening sky
Silent on the west look I,
And my comrade, stride for stride,
Paces silent at my side."

"Silent, nothing found to say,
We began the backward way;
And the ebbing lustre died
From the soldier at my side,
As in all his spruce attire
Failed the everlasting fire.
Midmost of the homeward track
Once we listened and looked back;
But the city, dusk and mute,
Slept, and there was no pursuit."

It is superfluous to say of such writing that it searches the heart. Why it does so with such insistent power is still the unknown quantity in the work of our first lyrists, who are not many.

G. H. C.

POÈMS DE ROBERT BROWNING. Traduits par Paul Alfassa et Gilbert de Voisins, et précédés d'une étude sur sa pensée et sa vie, par Mary Duclaux. Paris: Chez Bernard Grasset, dans la collection des Cahiers verts, dirigée par M. Daniel Helévy. 1922. Pp. 262.

Madame Duclaux presents here in eleven chapters a responsive and readable study of Browning's thought, with a rapidly developed review of his career. The remarks on the poet's genius have point and the comments on several of the religious and philosophic poems are not without value; yet the treatment as a whole lacks balance and appropriate organization. One can hardly disengage the characteristic qualities of Browning's thought without considering the subtler dramas, such as *Luria* and *A Soul's Tragedy*, while Madame Duclaux's analysis of *The Ring and the Book* makes no new contribution to the criticism of that mighty achievement and even mightier task. Neither Madame Duclaux nor Madame Saint-René Taillandier (the latter

a niece of M. Taine, reviewing in *La Revue Hebdomadaire* her friend's work) manages to shake herself free from the rather tiresome obsession concerning Browning's alleged obscurity, an obsession that has served to conceal their condition from so many of the lazy-minded. True, the writers just now mentioned are not members of that large category. Madame Duclaux thinks and writes with clarity, honesty and skill. But we regret to find in her book such expressions as "l'enigme browningienne" (p. 23), "Browning est obscur moins à cause de sa subtilité que parce que les associations de sa pensée sont trop nombreuses et trop riches" (p. 24), "La poésie de Browning . . . est prolixe, âpre et rude" (p. 127). It is time that the words 'obscurity' and 'optimism' should be banished from serious interpretations of Browning's genius and programme. He is, certainly, an intellectual, alert, highly allusive poet; like Thomas Hardy, he is an "evolutionary meliorist", although in another fashion. But Browning is not, in any reproachful meaning, obscure, and he is no more an optimist than Hardy is a pessimist,—facile half-words both. Madame Duclaux's book is kindly, intelligent, capable, but it is not really illuminating.

The translations into French by Messieurs Alfassa and de Voisins of some seventeen of Brownings poems are of varying merit. Perhaps the most successful are *Chanson de Pippa*, *Une Femme Légère*, *Le Dernier Mot d'une Femme* and *Prospice*. We can see no good reason why the effort was made to translate *Mr. Sludge the Medium* into graceful French prose.

G. H. C.

FRENCH SHORT STORIES OF TO-DAY. Edited, with Introductions, by Margaret W. Watson, formerly Associate Editor of *La France*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1922. Pp. vi, 182.

This collection of contemporary French short stories, carefully selected from the works of the best writers and edited with introductions and a well-arranged vocabulary, is especially welcome to those who are beginning the study of the French language and literature.

In giving the necessary time and study to these stories, the student will not only increase his vocabulary, but will find

himself entering the rich and vital province of French fiction. His ambition will be stimulated and his appreciation awakened to the brilliancy of the French stylists, to the depth and subtlety of their philosophic thought and to the sureness of their touch in character-drawing. He will begin to grasp the quality of Gallic wit, lightly ironic, delicately pointed, elusive and yet clear; to feel the pervading influence of classic culture and to understand better certain aspects of French life.

In *Le Petit Soldat de Plomb* from *L'Étui de Nacre*, by Anatole France, the student will find many of the great qualities of the master; the story is an incomparable stylistic model. *Le Fétiche de Moukoubamba*, by Georges Clémenceau, has the virility and the force of philosophic thought characteristic of the author. In M. Clémenceau's *Histoires de Nids* and in *La Plainte de la Pluie* by Marcelle Tinayre, interesting philosophic thought is also subtly expressed. There are two stories of life in Brittany. Camille Meyran in *La Dernière Chanson* has felt and expressed deep beauty in the reunion of simple folk around a Breton hearthstone. *Le Trésor de Noël* by Anatole le Braz, reveals further the mysterious poetic quality of the Breton temperament. Military life and the poilu are described by the brilliant pens of Henry Bordeaux and Roland Dorgelès. Colette Yver presents a dreary and rather unconvincing glimpse of provincial life. All of the stories are prefaced by short sketches of the lives and works of the several authors.

L. D.

UNIVERSITIES AND SCIENTIFIC LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Maurice Caullery, Professor at the Sorbonne (in 1916 French Exchange Professor at Harvard University). Translated by James H. Woods and Emmet Russell. Cambridge and New York: Harvard University Press. 1922.

This book of friendly criticism is based on observations and impressions gathered during a stay of five months. In this rather brief time the author has seen much and his book should 'make to think' not a few of our 'educators'. It will suffice to glance at the table of contents for an idea of the arrangement and material of his investigation into our educational systems.

Part I deals with the Universities—I would call attention to Chapter XII especially, in which is pointed out the insufficiency of the preparation for higher work given by secondary education in the United States—and the relation between universities and society are touched upon. Part II, "Scientific Research", discusses the relation of research and teaching, institutes of research, museums, Federal institutions, and academies and scientific societies. Some general conclusions are presented for the purpose of showing what lessons are to be drawn for France and the "necessity of a renewal of the agencies and structures of our [French] intellectual life." There is no index; appendices cover two pages. Much water has passed under the bridge since the observations recorded in this book were made, but there is still "necessity of a renewal" in the United States as well as in our sister republic,—perhaps not so much renewal as a wiser direction of forces already in operation and a better articulation among the different types of institutions involved in the "cursus honorum" of intellectual life in America.

J. B. EDWARDS.

Wells College.

LIFE OF VENIZELOS. By S. B. Chester. With a Letter from His Excellency M. Venizelos. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1922.

This account of the distinguished Cretan is in two parts: Part I, "Crete Before and During the Rise of Venizelos"; Part II, "Venizelos as the Maker of Modern Greece". It carries the story of his life on to the Return of Constantine in 1920. The glamor of militarism has temporarily evaporated, the reverses in Asia Minor have revealed the feebleness of the government of Constantine, and to this book there might now be added a third part entitled, "Venizelos to the Rescue". Of the numerous lives of Venizelos already published, one, by an American writer, has already been described in the SEWANEE REVIEW. The present volume is a tribute from the more conservative grand division of that great race which has learned to appreciate genius wherever found, and has something of the sportsman in its nature so that it can be generous of open recognition of such greatness. To tell the truth we are a bit envious of the Greeks for their

great leader. Born to a difficult career, he has risen through many vicissitudes to power and has already figured on several occasions as the political savior of a people whose history has been checkered with blood and black. Occasionally rewarded—as is the habit of democracies—with the rankest ingratitude, yet recalled at every time of crisis, he is again the man of the hour and again engaged in work to which his life has been unselfishly devoted, that of serving his country. It is unfortunate that it should seem always to be the task of snatching victory from defeat, of reestablishing peace and union upon the unstable conditions created by the blunders and weaknesses of his compatriots. Mr. Chester's book is not propaganda, but a fair and conservative critique of the career of a man whose singular consistency to principle and whose tireless energy, combined with tact and courage, have written his name large in the story of Greece. Venizelos has not told in mere words the story of his own life; his actions savor of a finer eloquence. Nor is it without significance that so many writers are moved to select them as the theme of their studies in history.

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF JAPAN. Notes Made During Journeys of Six Thousand Miles in the Rural Districts as a Basis for a Sounder Knowledge of the Japanese People. By J. W. Robertson Scott. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1922.

One who travels as did Mr. Scott, with a notebook and for the purpose of making definite studies, will remove no few prejudices induced by previous misconceptions. This purpose, I think, has been realized by the author. The book is well illustrated with photographs, fitted with appendices and an index, and does much towards making one feel better acquainted with a great people whose problems are so like our own (a likeness that the industrial revolution is increasing), and whose civilization is in some ways by no means inferior to western civilization. It is to be hoped that in imitating and adopting our economics and our industrial methods they will not be led to taking over bodily all the rest of our culture to the detriment of the better part of their own characteristic civilization.

J. B. EDWARDS.